HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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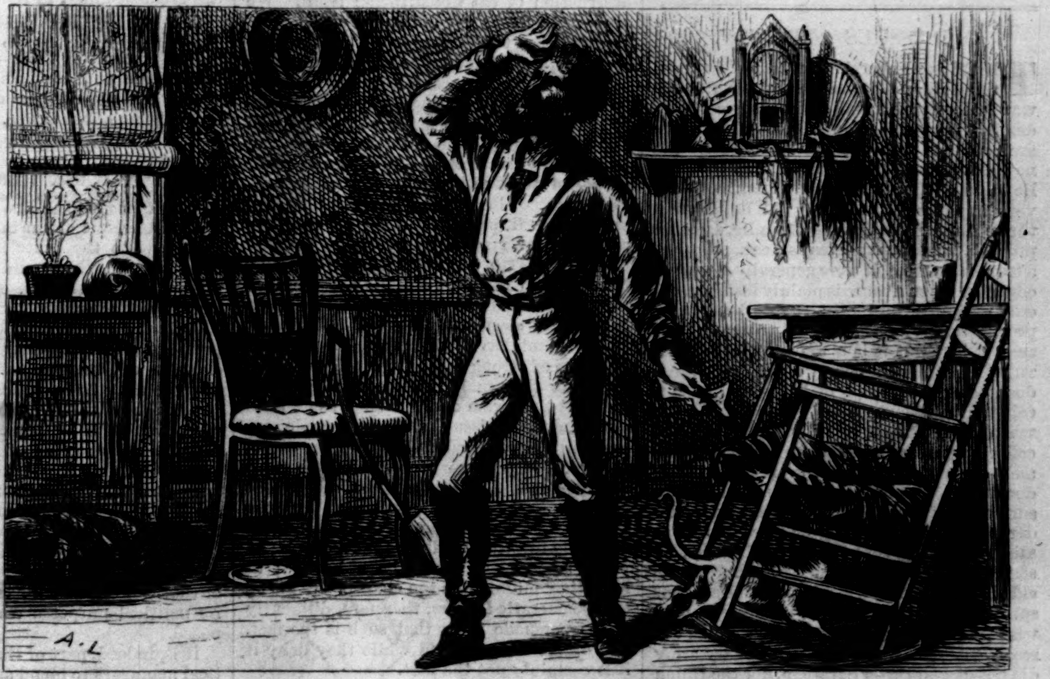
FARM BALLADS.—By WILL M. CARLETON.

[WRITTEN FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.]

GONE WITH A HANDSOMER MAN.



"CURSE HER! CURSE HER! SAY I; SHE'LL SOME TIME RUE THIS DAY!"

JOHN.

I've worked in the field all day, a-plowin' the "stony streak;"
I've scolded my team till I'm hoarse; I've tramped till my legs are weak;
I've choked a dozen swears (so's not to tell Jane fibs)
When the plow-p'int struck a stone and the handles punched my ribs.

I've put my team in the barn, and rubbed their sweaty coats;
I've fed 'em a heap of hay and half a bushel of oats;
And to see the way they eat makes me like eatin' feel,
And Jane won't say to-night that I don't make out a meal.

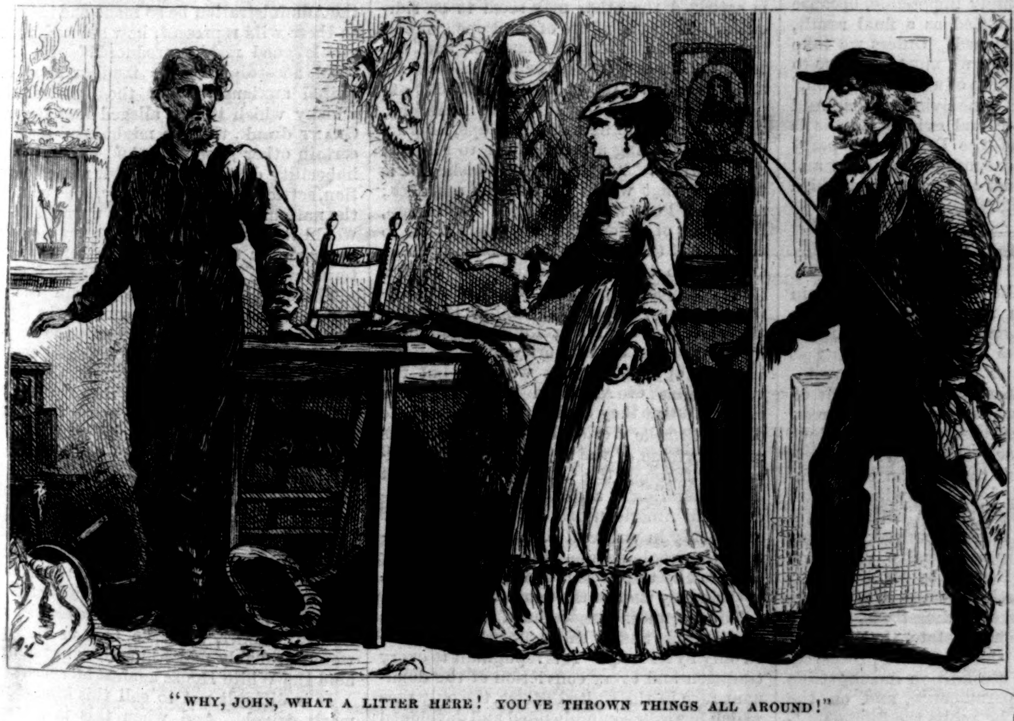
Well said! the door is locked! but here she's left the key,
Under the step, in a place known only to her and me;
I wonder who's dyin' or dead, that she's hustled off pell-mell.
But here on the table's a note, and probably this will tell.

Good God! my wife is gone! my wife is gone astray!
The letter it says, "Good-by, for I'm a-going away;
I've lived with you six months, John, and so far I've been true;
But I'm going away to-day with a handsomer man than you."

A han'somer man than me! Why, that ain't much to say;
There's han'somer men than me go past here every day.
There's han'somer men than me—I ain't of the han'some kind;
But a *lovin'er* man than I was I guess she'll never find.

Curse her! curse her! I say, and give my curses wings!
May the words of love I've spoke be changed to scorpion stings!
Oh, she filled my heart with joy, she emptied my heart of doubt,
And now, with a scratch of a pen, she lets my heart's blood out!

Curse her! curse her! say I; she'll some time rue this day;
She'll some time learn that hate is a game that two can play;
And long before she dies she'll grieve she ever was born;
And I'll plow her grave with hate, and seed it down to scorn!



"WHY, JOHN, WHAT A LITTER HERE! YOU'VE THROWN THINGS ALL AROUND!"

As sure as the world goes on, there'll come a time when she
Will read the devilish heart of that han'somer man than me;
And there'll be a time when he will find, as others do,
That she who is false to one can be the same with two.

And when her face grows pale, and when her eyes grow dim,
And when he is tired of her and she is tired of him,
She'll do what she ought to have done, and coolly count the cost;
And then she'll see things clear, and know what she has lost.

And thoughts that are now asleep will wake up in her mind,
And she will mourn and cry for what she has left behind;
And maybe she'll sometimes long for me—for me—but no!
I've blotted her out of my heart, and I will not have it so.

And yet in her girlish heart there was somethin' or other she had
That fastened a man to her, and wasn't entirely bad;
And she loved me a little I think, although it didn't last;
But I mustn't think of these things—I've buried 'em in the past.

I'll take my hard words back, nor make a bad matter worse;
She'll have trouble enough; she shall not have my curse;
But I'll live a life so square—and I well know that I can—
That she always will sorry be that she went with that han'somer man.

Ah, here is her kitchen dress! it makes my poor eyes blur;
It seems, when I look at that, as if 'twas holdin' her.
And here are her week-day shoes, and there is her week-day hat,
And yonder's her weddin' gown: I wonder she didn't take that.

'Twas only this mornin' she came and called me her "dearest dear,"
And said I was makin' for her a regular paradise here;
O God! if you want a man to sense the pains of hell,
Before you pitch him in just keep him in heaven a spell!

Good-by! I wish that Death had severed us two apart.
You've lost a worshiper here—you've crushed a lovin' heart.
I'll worship no woman again; but I guess I'll learn to pray,
And kneel as *you* used to kneel before you run away.

And if I thought I could bring my words on heaven to bear,
And if I thought I had some little influence there,
I would pray that I might be, if it only could be so,
As happy and gay as I was a half an hour ago.

JANE (*entering*).

Why, John, what a litter here! you've thrown things all around!
Come, what's the matter now? and what 've you lost or found?
And here's my father here, a-waiting for supper, too;
I've been a-riding with him—he's that "handsomer man than you."

Ha! ha! Pa, take a seat, while I put the kettle on,
And get things ready for tea, and kiss my dear old John.
Why, John, you look so strange! Come, what has crossed your track?
I was only a-joking, you know; I'm willing to take it back.

JOHN (*aside*).

Well, now, if this *ain't* a joke, with rather a bitter cream!
It seems as if I'd woke from a mighty ticklish dream;
And I think she "smells a rat," for she smiles at me so queer;
I hope she don't; good Lord! I hope that they didn't hear!

'Twas one of her practical drives—she thought I'd understand!
But I'll never break sod again till I get the lay of the land.
But one thing's settled with me—to appreciate heaven well,
'Tis good for a man to have some fifteen minutes of hell.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 15, 1871.

Harper's Weekly contains one-third more reading matter, a larger number of Illustrations, and is conspicuously better Edited and Printed than any other Illustrated Newspaper. Its circulation is more than double that of any similar publication.

☞ *The* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a very striking composition from the pencil of* Arthur Lumley, *entitled*

THE NIGHT EDITOR,

which is dedicated to all the members of the craft; a series of humorous sketches, by Thomas Worth, *apropos of the Saratoga season, which show*

CUPID TRIUMPHANT

over the selfishness of designing parents; a Memoir of Leigh Hunt, *illustrated; and the usual variety of stories and other literary attractions.*

OLD ISSUES AND NEW.

THERE is a natural weariness of the continued discussion of the issues which the war really settled, and an impatience to be dealing with fresh questions. And there are prophets who constantly announce the new interests to which they assert the public mind ought to be directed, and who are very impatient of fighting old battles and thrice slaying the slain. But a lie, says the proverb, has as many lives as a cat. If, when a truth is asserted, it were generally acknowledged, or when a cause is plainly lost it would only disappear and not struggle longer, the progress of civilization would be much faster than it is. But it is a long time after Luther nails his challenge upon the church door before the scope of his action is perceived in human society; and although when Burgoyne's expedition failed, the colonies were nearly lost to Great Britain, and after Gettysburg the rebellion was doomed, it was many a long month to the surrender of Yorktown, and to the scene under the Appomattox apple-tree. So it is said, and truly, that the war disposed of slavery and all that belongs to it, and of the old theory of State sovereignty and all that springs from it; and no intelligent man wishes or means to cling to issues which are really settled. But the Revolutionary army did not disband after Saratoga, nor the Union army when Lee retreated across the Potomac; nor need the political army of liberty and the Union think that they can safely disregard the issues of the last ten years.

We observe that allusions to the questions which interested the country during and since the war are called in some quarters "the jargon of a dead rebellion." The phrase indicates an impatience more natural than wise. For what is the real question in the election of 1872? It is whether the party that tried to destroy the government in 1862 shall now control it. It is idle to say that it is not the same party; that it can not hope to do it; that those who raise the old party cries are fools; that the past is abandoned. It is idle to say so because the party is the same party. It is the organization which includes every open and secret enemy of the Union; every man who says, with Alexander H. Stephens, that the amendments are not valid, and all who say, with Mr. Leslie, of Kentucky, that the courts must decide their validity. Here is a vital question arising directly from the war, unavoidable by every man who would consider public affairs intelligently—a question really settled, indeed, but only upon condition that the people of the United States insist that it shall be settled by defeating the party whose Southern leaders raise the question. The question must be debated. The issue is, therefore, not dead. And yet its discussion is called the "jargon of a dead rebellion."

Would it be wise for the country to assume that every question of the war is settled, and to contest the election of 1872, for instance, upon the issue of protection and free trade? That is a field upon which the Democratic party would gladly see the battle fought, because it believes that it would divide the Republican host. But to accept such a battle would be to say that there is no danger that the Democratic party would disturb the settlements of the war; that they would, on the contrary, respect them more strictly than the Republicans, and administer the government more honestly, ably, and economically. Does any body in his senses believe any of these propositions? Is there no danger that a party will disturb the settlements which has steadily opposed them as usurpations, and which can not agree even to profess acquiescence in them? Is such a party likely to respect them more strictly? And is a party of which Tammany is the typical organization the party of honesty and economy of administration?

Is it any reply to such questions to say that a great many Democrats wish by-gones to be by-gones, and that free trade is the real issue? Issues are not made by the professions of party leaders; they grow out of the principles, tendencies, and feelings of the people. The Democratic party is the name of a certain spirit and purpose upon the part of certain citizens of this country; and to oppose it as if it were merely a free-trade party, but in all other respects trust-worthy, or to support it because of doubts of Republican Ku-Klux legislation—as if no questionable legislation ever had been, or was ever likely to be, the work of the Democratic party—would be merely absurd. Indeed, nothing is more amusing than to see the party which, by its traditions and teachings, produced a rebellion to overthrow the Constitution in order to save slavery now in such a fine frenzy of horror at what it calls unconstitutional legislation to protect liberty.

Let us not be mistaken. Unconstitutional Republican legislation, when proved, is not to be palliated by the attempted Democratic destruction of the Constitution itself. We are now exposing the absurdity of the Democratic claim to greater respect for the Constitution, and the ludicrous folly of supposing that Republican unconstitutionality could be remedied by resorting to Democratic supremacy. Nor do we agree with those who say that the people do not discriminate, and that if they are dissatisfied with the party in power they will sustain the opposition. People do not lose their wits when they deal with political questions. One of the silliest assertions ever made was that the election of Mr. Horatio Seymour as Governor of New York in 1862 was a rebuke of the dilatory conduct of the war by the President. Would the election of General M'Clellan as President have been a similar rebuke? In times of strong feeling the people prefer, or rather they make, the party which will do what they wish done. When there is no overshadowing issue, and the people are generally dissatisfied, from whatever cause, the party in power will very often be made a scape-goat. And this explains the present situation. If the people believed that the great war questions were settled beyond disturbance they might think that a change of party ascendency would be a benefit; at least they might take the chance. Some of the Democratic leaders, therefore, diligently try to persuade them that such is the fact. But others deny it; and while they deny it it is certainly not the fact.

Thus, however agreeable it might be to conduct the campaign of 1872 upon wholly new issues, it is simply impossible, because the old, although settled as a final result, are not yet accomplished. Unless we take leave of common-sense we must continue to use some of "the jargon of a dead rebellion," because it expresses some living truths. And one of those simple and evident truths is that the success of the Democratic party would necessarily encourage and foster and renew all the heresies and hates from which the rebellion sprang.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

The Fourth of July finds the country in a condition which makes every American prouder of his land and of his national name. And this is not due merely to the contrast with other countries in which he may indulge his imagination. It is the result of our own development and real progress. For with all the weakness which a sagacious eye may find in our system, and with such clouds as may fleck the horizon of the future, what we had done and what we are doing may properly make us both grateful and proud. It is curious, indeed, to recur to an oration delivered twelve years ago upon this day, in Boston, by Mr. Everett, in which he set forth the success of the republic. Its remarkable defect was that he did not see, or forbore to state, that the test was yet to come. Our apparent prosperity was founded upon a condition incompatible with republican permanence, and on the very day on which he spoke the fundamental rights of a republican system, as we understand it, were denied in half the republic. The contest down to that time was verbal only, but it was truly irrepressible, as the orator soon saw.

But now not only in certain States, but throughout the Union, the personal and political rights of every man are guaranteed by law, and their protection is assured. In all the States that constitute the republic the equal rights of men are acknowledged; the enemies of those rights and the skeptics of our republican system no longer control the national government; we are at peace with the world, and never so much respected; and there is a greater general comfort than in any other great nation. These glorious results are due to the supremacy of real republican principles. Under those which had long controlled the government, down to the election of 1860, it was impossible that the fundamental law of a republic, the law of liberty, should ever prevail. The old tendency was, indeed, so intrenched that it could be removed only by a tremendous war. But that the perception of the loyal people was so clear, and their hearts so steady, to the triumphant end was the strongest possible proof of the power of the principles which won the victory, and which have transformed the United States from a nominal to an actual republic.

This day also sees the great party which has hitherto strenuously denied the fundamental principle of the Declaration of Independence surrendering to the faith in that principle which has maintained and cemented the Union. If to-day every man who breathes in the United States is a free man, if he is an equal citizen, if laws foully unjust have disappeared, and the national flag, wherever it floats, is the symbol of freedom, it is not because of the success, but of the defeat, of the Democratic party. The American principle has been fully recognized in American law, because that party has fallen. In the greatest glory, in the highest honor, of our history that party has no share but that of futile hostility. Now, at last, because it no longer controls the country, the country has become what it was not when the words were written, "the land of the free," as well as the home of the brave.

A MASK REMOVED.

The *Catholic World*, which is the chief Roman Catholic organ in this country, says that, "while the State has rights, she has them only in virtue and by permission of the superior authority, and that authority can only be expressed through the Church." This is the unqualified assertion of the supreme political authority of the Church, the doctrine of Gregory, and of the midnight of the Middle Ages. Such a declaration explains the hostility of the European statesmen, even of those attached to the Roman faith, to the doctrine of papal infallibility, and it justifies the jealous suspicion with which the political advances of that Church are regarded in this country. Those who have thought that to oppose these advances is to persecute a certain Church will now understand that it is not the religious faith of that Church which has been assailed, but its political purposes which have been exposed.

It is, indeed, part of the craft of ecclesiastical managers to blend as far as possible the religious and the political character and aspect of their Church, so that when the one is satirized the other may seem to be ridiculed. Thus the figure of the Pope symbolizes both the spiritual character and the temporal assumptions of the Roman Church; and when Mr. Nast or any other artist exposes the worldly designs of the hierarchy, under the typical figure of the Pope, he is accused of deriding a bishop dear to millions of Christians. Yet it is not the bishop, it is the king that would be, that he scourges; and if the Pope were content to be a bishop, like those of other churches, subordinate to the laws of the land, and not assuming to be superior to them, he would be no more a proper subject of political criticism and satire than any other clergyman. It is the priests of any Church seeking the supremacy of ecclesiastical authority in civil affairs that we oppose, and not we only, but the very genius of American liberty opposes them. When they declare, as in this article of the *Catholic World*, that the state exists only in virtue of the superior authority expressed through the Church, we reply that the declaration is a total denial of the fundamental American principle that the state exists only in virtue of the superior authority of the whole people. Governments justly exist not by the consent of any Church whatever, but by that of the people.

The astounding insolence of this assertion at this time, and in this country, is surpassed only by its folly. It is repugnant to every tradition and every conviction of the dominant race in the United States, the only race which has ever comprehended and developed constitutional freedom, and which, by reason of that capacity and tendency, early resisted, and long since abolished, ecclesiastical political supremacy. If Father Hecker is correct in his reported expectation that, by the end of the century, the Roman ecclesiasticism will be supreme in this country, it will only be because the dominant race will have entirely changed, and because all the great traditions and muniments of civil liberty will have been forgotten and relinquished. Such a result would be a relapse to political barbarism.

This can be seen in an illustration. A few days since the twenty-fifth anniversary of the pontificate of the Pope was celebrated by the members of his Church in this country wherever and in whatever manner they chose. And the members of any Church have always the same liberty. It is of the very essence of our political system. But while in this prosperous and intelligent and truly civilized country such is the principle and the practice, a few years since, in the city of Rome, the capital and seat of the Roman ecclesiasticism, the ordinary Protestant services were not allowed within the walls. The ignorance, the squalor, the stagnation, the hopelessness, the superstition, of the city of Rome were the necessary result of the doctrine of the *Catholic World*, that the state exists by consent of the Church. The intelligence, the prosperity, the happiness, the progressive civilization, the civil and religious liberty, of the United States are the necessary result of the absolute and stern separation of church and state. Should the epoch foretold by Father Hecker—if the report be true—ever arrive, any such demonstration as that in which the members of the Roman Church have recently been indulging in this country, with the free consent of all other denominations, who are numerically to the Roman as ten to one, would be forbidden by that Church to every other Christian body. Father Hecker is mistaken; but let no American mistake the sure result of the political aims of a Church which declares that governments rightfully exist only by its permission.

POPGUNS.

The character of many of the attacks upon the President is fatal to the cause of those who make them. If the most striking and continuous assaults are absurdly trivial, or plainly refuted by facts, the inevitable inference is that there are few serious grounds of complaint. With the return of summer return the gibes at the desertion of duty implied in not remaining at the seat of government. The country, however, will hardly grudge the President his residence by the sea during the hot weather; nor will it curiously count the number of cigars he smokes, nor of the drives that he takes, as evidence of his official negligence. In fact, one of the most agreeable traits in the President is his contempt for all the cheap arts of popularity which are so sedulously cultivated by many small politicians in large offices. If it could be shown that he seriously neglected the duties of his office there would be just reason for dissatisfaction. But that is not attempted. The effort is not to tell the truth, but to create a prejudice.

A ready humor can easily ridicule whatever it touches, and a daily sneer at any man or at any subject would not be without effect. But the most zealous student of the ridicule directed at the Administration by its enemies could not avoid asking himself at last, "If the Administration be so inane and imbecile as these wits represent, how are such undeniable good results produced?" Mr. Lincoln, according to the familiar story, inquired anxiously about the brand of the whisky which it was alleged that General Grant drank, that he might send some to certain other generals. And if inanity and imbecility diminish the debt, reduce taxation, settle quarrels honorably, and maintain the national peace and honor upon all sides, would it not be well either to try more of the same, or to ascertain whether they are terms which accurately describe the facts?

There is, however, one solemn charge which we see renewed in some of the Democratic papers. "It would suit the desperate and unscrupulous men who hold executive positions," says a paper of the party which, in the same kind of rhetoric, used to call Mr. Lincoln a gorilla and a third-rate country lawyer, to "drug and benumb" the country into the conviction "that better a bad government than a change." And it proceeds to declare what it is pleased to call its "honest conviction" that Power (with a capital P) is industriously weaving filaments to "bind a giant of stronger thews than ours in permanent subjection." All this was much more directly and plainly said by General Frank Blair before the election of General Grant, when he told us that he would probably make himself emperor, and hold the White House against all comers.

It is difficult not to call this kind of remark drivel. And when this is gravely urged in respectable papers as a reason for restoring the Democratic party to power, it is plain enough that on that day the writer had no argument whatever to present against the continued dominance of the Republican party. There have been several military Presidents: Generals Washington, Jackson, Harrison, Taylor, and now General Grant. The latter was elected, as it were, from the field, and with little comparative acquaintance with political parties and civilians; and he naturally kept immediately around him certain officers whom he had professionally known and proved, for the same reason that General Jackson brought with him to Washington as private secretary his relation Major Donelson, whose death was recently announced. But there never was a President, whether taken from military or civil life, who has shown more personal simplicity and total freedom from unworthy personal objects in his high office, or who has been more faithfully subject to the law. There has been no act and no word upon the part of the President that has in any degree justified the prophecy made by General Blair, and which has been recently elaborately repeated. And the assertion was first made by the candidate for the Vice-Presidency, and is now repeated by organs of the party, many of whose leaders would unquestionably have regarded with complacency a *coup d'état* by General M'Clellan, which was vaguely hinted, and which had only sweet words for those who would destroy a free republic to found a slave empire.

This is the kind of aspersion which shows that arguments have failed, and which is made ridiculous by the character and career of the President.

Dr. LANAHAN.

When Dr. Lanahan made his charges in regard to certain transactions in the Methodist Book Concern there was but one simple and evident course to pursue. The charges were undoubtedly a scandal. If they were false, they were scandalous and most damaging to the author; if they were true, they were damaging to the management of the Concern. But in no case were they injurious to the Church, except as doubt of good management might stop the supplies; nor to religion, which, fortunately, is not harmed by the offenses of those who wear her mantle. And, indeed, to the most superficial view nothing could be so much a scandal to the Concern, to the Church, and to religion as any attempt to hush the matter up, or any seeming unwillingness even to open every door and book and invite the most searching scrutiny into every detail. The steady resistance to a thorough investigation, which has been evident from the first, has had no other effect than to publish and emphasize the charges every where, and to persuade the public that there is something wrong in the management of the Concern.

When Dr. Lanahan presented his charges he assumed the responsibility. It was plain that, if he failed in proving them, his character as a man and his position as a clergyman were very gravely compromised. The presumption, therefore, was in favor of the truth of his allegations. If the management of the Concern had replied that they were untrue, had immediately invoked the proper authority to conduct the most open investigation, and had offered every opportunity and every facility for it, the presumption of the truth of the charges would have been suspended. But there is one conclusion only to be drawn from the long and involved altercation. The Concern did not wish a frank and full examination, and for one of two reasons: either because it feared the result, or because it apprehended harm to the denomination. If the last be the real reason, the authorities have probably learned that under such circumstances there is but one course which will avoid the peril, and that is to turn on the light. They have failed to do this, and the result is that public opinion sustains Dr. Lanahan.

PERSONAL.

No representative of the United States at any foreign court has been complimented in any legislative body as was General Schenck, on the 12th, in the House of Lords, by Earl Granville, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. After thanking the Commissioners on both sides for the manner in which they had negotiated the new treaty, he concluded by this reference to General Schenck: "And if I may add one word in the hearing of one who may possibly be now present within these walls—of one who acted a distinguished part, and who, by his own influence and the influence of his countrymen, contributed largely to the happy conclusion of the labors of the Commission—one who has lately arrived among us, eminently on a mission of peace, I should like to be able to say, on the part of her Majesty's government, and I may add, of the country at large, that we do feel grateful to him and to the American government for the disposition they have shown in this matter. [Hear, hear.] I trust, as the debate goes on, and as he hears men of eminence speaking on both sides, he will observe that in this House we can take large, comprehensive, and non-party views of questions where great national and colonial interests are involved, and that it is not the desire of parties, unless supported by a very general feeling, to interpose embarrassment and difficulty when these can be avoided. I am sure he will see that your lordships are not behind any class of your countrymen in the honest and sincere desire to have these great questions settled in a fair and proper spirit, and in really genial feeling toward that great nation with whom we have been engaged in these important negotiations." (Loud cheers.) In the same debate Lord Russell mentioned an interesting little biographical fact, viz.: he (Lord R.) submitted his foreign dispatches to Lord Palmerston, who sometimes wrote the whole dispatch over again.

—Mr. E. Remington, one of the proprietors of the extensive gun-manufactory at Ilion, New York, has given to the Syracuse University fifty thousand dollars. He had previously purchased and given the St. Charles Hotel, Syracuse, to the Methodist Church for a publishing establishment. The total of Mr. Remington's donations in Syracuse, thus far, amounts to one hundred and seventy thousand dollars. Central New York is coming up nobly in this sort of thing. Cornell, of Ithaca; Sibley, of Rochester; Henry Wells, of Aurora; Gerrit Smith, of Peterboro'; Ira Davenport, of Bath; and now Mr. Remington, have identified their names with some of the noblest institutions of the continent.

—Bishop Whitehouse pauses before passing final sentence of degradation from the ministry on the Rev. Mr. Cheney, and hesitates to take the legal steps necessary to evict him from the rectorship of Christ Church. It is understood that several prelates of distinction stand ready to receive Mr. Cheney, in case Bishop Whitehouse should take extreme action, and that others have fairly set before him the consequences likely to ensue. Among those who, from their antecedents, might be expected to ignore Bishop Whitehouse's action are Bishops Smith and Cummins, of Kentucky; M'Ilvaine and Bedell, of Ohio; Lee, of Delaware; Johns and Whipple, of Virginia; and Eastburn, of Massachusetts. A few, among whom may be named Davis, of South Carolina; Lee, of Iowa; and Stevens, of Pennsylvania, would probably sympathize strongly with Mr. Cheney, but might not deem it obligatory to take official action against their brother of Illinois. The whole matter will undoubtedly be thoroughly ventilated and made the topic of extended discussion in the Triennial Convention of the Episcopal Church, which meets in October next, in Baltimore.

—Southern editors, as well as Northern, have a playful way of alluding to those who sit in high places. The Savannah *News*, for example, says that Governor Bullock, of Georgia, is in New York, and wishes it could keep that item standing.

—Mr. Vallandigham is said to have written a complete autobiography, and that one of the things he had particularly determined to do was to deliver an oration at the centennial anniversary of American Independence, July 4, 1876, the preparation of which he had already commenced.

—The recent death of the Hon. Richard D. Davis has led to the publication of an incident of political history, in which the late Silas Wright was the principal figure. On the death of Mr. Justice Thompson, in 1842, there was some difficulty in filling the vacancy. President Tyler, who was then anxious to conciliate the Democratic party, sent for Mr. Davis, and requested him to offer the position to Mr. Wright, which was done. Mr. W. was gratified, but somewhat embarrassed. After deliberating a few moments, he said: "My friend, you know I can not accept this generous offer. You know the Democratic party would not consent that I should withdraw from the political field. But I will say to you frankly that I never expected to be called upon to make so great a sacrifice of feeling in the interest of my party. It is the place of all others to suit my taste and habits. In fact it is the only office that I ever seriously desired. The strife and turmoil of political life, especially in high party times, is uncongenial to me; while the bench is precisely in accordance with my views and wishes." He added: "I think that by close application and constant study I might make myself equal to the duties of the place. I am rather rusty in the law now, having been so long in public life. But I am fond of the profession, and sometimes wish I had never left it. Express to the President my thanks for his kind offer, and tell him that circumstances prevent my acceptance of it." Upon this the President appointed Mr. Justice Nelson, in 1845, and he is now the senior justice in point of age, the next being Justice Clifford, of Maine, who was appointed in 1858. Justice Thompson, by-the-way, was Secretary of the Navy under Monroe in 1818.

—It is stated in the papers that Mrs. Samuel Colt is about to erect a monument over the grave of the late ex-Governor Thomas H. Seymour, who died in 1868, and lies buried in the cemetery at Hartford. Governor Seymour was one of the most widely respected of the men who have figured conspicuously in the politics of Connecticut during the past five-and-twenty years. A more modest, unassuming man we have seldom met. His little cottage in Hartford, where he dwelt with a sister, might have been taken for the abode of some person with an income of one or two thousand dollars a year; yet within all was indicative of culture and refinement. At St. Petersburg, while he was the United States minister to Russia, he was an especial personal favorite of the Czar Nicholas and his son, the present Emperor, who appreciated his simple, unpretending ways, his thorough manliness, his indifference to the pageantry of courts. When he left St. Petersburg he was presented with a superb copy of the pictorial description of the coronation and a magnificent table of malachite, which, by a special act of Congress, he was permitted to keep. The table is the only one of the kind in America, and was valued at $10,000.

—Colonel Thomas A. Scott, vice-president and active manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, which, with all its various connections, and especially its recent acquisition of the leading New Jersey roads, has become the leading railway corporation in the United States, is still a young man—only forty-six—and has been the artificer of his own fortune. He began life in a country store at a very low salary, and, after employment in the department of Public Works, was appointed to his present position in 1859. In 1861 he was summoned to Washington as Assistant-Secretary of War, and had especial charge of every thing relating to military transportation. It was noticeable to those who visited the War Department to see how quietly he met the leaders of armies and the leaders of Congress, and how uniformly unconstrained and self-poised he was. He never engaged in political discussion. He dispatches business with electric celerity, and has the happy faculty of dismissing it entirely from his mind the moment he leaves his office. In private life no man in Pennsylvania is more irreproachable or more highly esteemed than Colonel Scott.

—If any one had predicted, fifty years ago, that a notable organization would be formed in England in honor of the memory of a cotton spinner, and that noblemen, and honorables, and right honorables would be among its officers and guests, the aristocracy would not have permitted such a body to "come betwixt the wind and their nobility!" Yet at the annual meeting of the Cobden Club, held a few days ago in London, the opening speech was delivered by Earl Granville, and the toast to "Our Foreign Guests" was replied to by Mr. Hugh M'Culloch, ex-Secretary of the United States Treasury, and now a member of the banking house of Jay Cooke, M'Culloch & Co.; and he in turn gave "The American Treaty, coupled with the name of the Marquis of Ripon." These little incidents, taken in connection with the effusion with which the nobility and gentry have rushed to General Schenck, and the disposition, hearty too, to make much of him and his family, show how rapid and complete has been the change of sentiment toward this country, and how steadily the march of thought in England treads toward a more thorough government of the people.

—Gerrit Smith, in a conversation at Syracuse a few days since, is said to have announced his approval of the woman's rights movement. Mr. Smith is now seventy-four years old, and well preserved. A man of large fortune, fine culture, and accustomed always to the society of refined people, in public affairs he is a radical. In 1825 he joined the American Colonization Society, and contributed liberally to its treasury; but it was not radical enough, and in 1835 he withdrew and joined the Antislavery Society, of which he was a prominent member so long as necessity for that organization existed. One of his most remarkable acts—being at the time, if he is not now, the largest land-owner in the United States—was to testify, some years ago, his opposition to land monopoly by distributing 200,000 acres among institutions of learning, but mostly among poor black and white men in parcels of fifty acres. In 1852 he was elected to Congress, but resigned after the first session, disgusted with Congressional life. He is and has ever been a man of the highest probity and nicest sense of honor, and, although of a religious habit, is opposed to what is popularly termed the bondage of sect.

—Philadelphia has an unusual share of remarkable men still living between seventy and eighty, and a number even beyond that great age. They are thus described by our distinguished contemporary, Colonel Forney, who, though still himself on the sunny side of eighty, maintains the graceful port and Champagne-y bearing of vigorous middle-age. "The posterity of the well-known merchant, Daniel Smith," says Colonel F., "presents a record rarely paralleled. The mother died in 1799, leaving seven children, five of whom are now living. The oldest brother, James S., died in 1861, in his 81st year. Francis Gurney Smith is still living, in his 88th year; also Richard S. Smith, president of the Union Mutual Insurance Company, who will be 82 in August. Daniel Smith, Jun., was 80 last February, William S. Smith is 79, and Charles S. Smith 72 in April. Mrs. Poulson—the sister—died last year, aged 76. The six brothers have lived over fifty years each with their wives. They have lived blameless, useful, and honorable careers as merchants, and as leaders in great public works. What is most delightful of all is that the wives of four of these gentlemen survive at nearly the same age as themselves. They have all celebrated their 'golden weddings.' It is not often that a single family can present such longevity and such unstained and even distinguished reputations. General Robert Patterson is the evergreen of his time—still vigorous in his 80th year. Prominent on every great occasion, ready of speech and wit, hospitable in his own home, patriotic and public-spirited, one of the most active cotton merchants in Philadelphia, rising with the lark, working at his counting-house without eating a morsel until his dinner hour at five in the afternoon, frequently closing the day as the most active and genial guest at a social gathering: he is a *rara avis*. William D. Lewis, former collector of the port, also in his 80th year, is one of the same school, preserving in his old age a youthful and generous heart and an undaunted spirit. He will tell you of St. Petersburg nearly sixty years ago, which he visited as a boy; regale you with incidents of Philadelphia in the olden time, and fill your memory with anecdotes of the good and great men whose confidence he shared."

—Lord Brougham never went but once to the House of Commons after he was raised to the peerage, and that was only a few years before he died. Leaning on the arm of a friend, the old athlete stood just within the door, and for a moment gazed on the stirring scene. The tears welled up in his eyes, and he murmured to his friend, with deep emotion, "Take me away! take me away! There is not a face here that I can recognize. And he moved slowly away, murmuring as he went, "Dead! dead! All gone."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Navy Department has received a letter from Commodore Rodgers, giving a detailed account of the capture and destruction of several Corean forts, and over 400 guns. The Coreans lost about 500 in killed and wounded, and our side three killed and seven wounded. Lieutenant M'Kee was among the killed. He was first in the fort, and received a bullet wound and a thrust from a spear.

The Secretary of the Treasury has appointed a committee of engravers from the Printing Bureau, as experts, to examine the bonds purchased and the bonds in the hands of the Register to meet calls by exchange, and they have been found to be genuine, every one. This course was taken to set at rest certain baseless rumors that bonds had been abstracted and sold in England, and their places supplied by counterfeits.

The British minister at Washington has informed the State Department that the instructions to the British naval officers at the fishing grounds are of the most liberal nature, and he has expressed the hope that Americans will aid in preventing collisions by refraining from encroachments.

At a recent "grand smoke," held at Fort Browning, in Montana, the Sioux and Assiniboin chiefs professed to be peaceful, but were exceedingly anxious to procure powder and lead to shoot game. There seems to be a general movement of Indians into Montana. Red Cloud's influence is said to be gone, as the savages doubt his accounts of what he saw while in the East, saying "bad medicine" was put in his eyes to make him see what the whites pleased.

A comparative statement from the Internal Revenue Bureau shows the decrease in the collections for the year ending June 30, 1871, as compared with the previous year, to be over $40,000,000, and estimates the collections for 1872 at $112,192,201.

FOREIGN NEWS.

On the 29th of June a grand review of the French army took place, and was entirely successful. Medals were conferred on Generals Vinoy and L'Admirault, and many promotions to the Legion of Honor were made. After the review President Thiers gave a state dinner, at which nearly every general and colonel in Paris was present. The *Official Journal*, commenting on the review, remarks: "We have shown Europe an army 100,000 strong, valorous and ably commanded, which has saved the cause of civilization. We have also called for two milliards of money, and been offered five milliards. The nation evidently recovers."

The work of restoring Paris is progressing rapidly. Over 60,000 masons are engaged in repairing the damaged buildings and erecting new ones.

A decree of the Emperor of Germany reorganizes the German troops in France under one combination, to be called the "Army of Occupation of France," with General Manteuffel as commander.

In reply to an address of sympathy from the French Catholics the Pope praises the zeal they exhibit in the cause of the Church and himself, and denounces liberal Catholicism as an evil as formidable as revolution or the Commune.

An amnesty for political and military offenses has been granted by the Emperor of Germany to natives of Alsace and Lorraine.

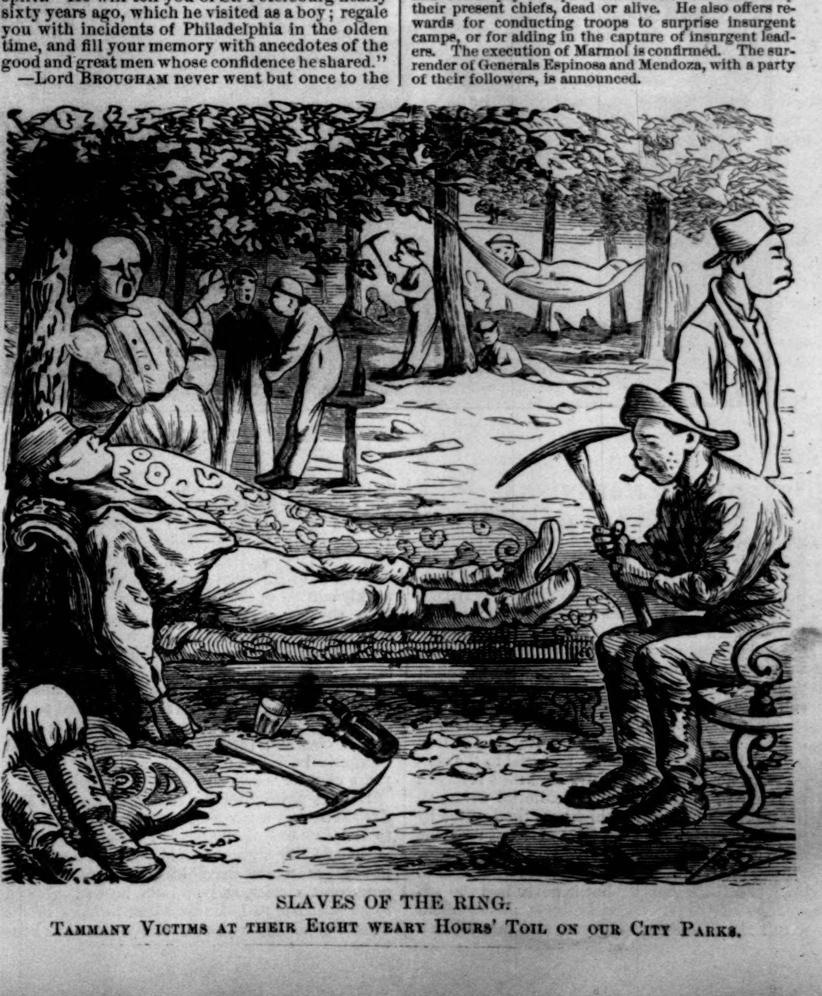
Terrible riots have lately occurred among the miners in Königshüte, in Silesia. The Uhlans cleared the streets, killing seven of the miners, wounding thirty, and arresting sixty.

The ratifications of the Treaty of Washington were exchanged at London on the 17th of June. On the 29th a motion expressing regret that Queen Victoria had been advised to sign the treaty was made in the House of Lords, which, after considerable debate, was defeated without a division.

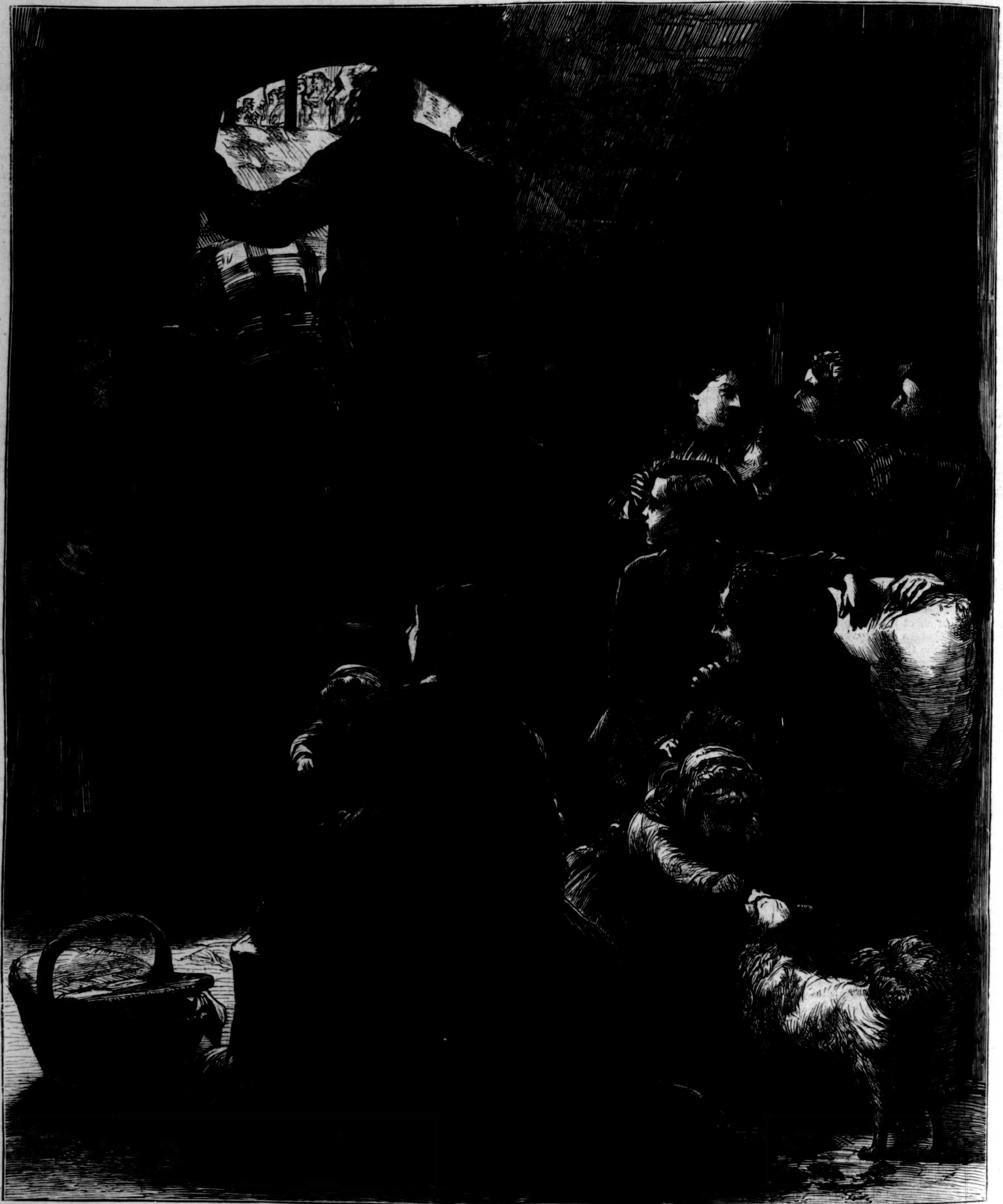
The city of Sheffield, England, is apprehensive that a subterranean fire, which is known to exist there, is in an old colliery which runs to the centre of the city.

Nine thousand Welsh miners are now on a strike, and there appears to be no prospect of a settlement.

Colonel Charles Westrop, an American in the Cuban service, was killed recently. Valmaseda offers pardon and better pay to Spanish deserters who deliver up their present chiefs, dead or alive. He also offers rewards for conducting troops to surprise insurgent camps, or for aiding in the capture of insurgent leaders. The execution of Marmol is confirmed. The surrender of Generals Espinosa and Mendoza, with a party of their followers, is announced.



SLAVES OF THE RING.
Tammany Victims at their Eight weary Hours' Toil on our City Parks.



FAMILY LIFE IN PARIS DURING THE FIGHTING.—[SEE PAGE 646.]

LOUIS J. JENNINGS.

MR. LOUIS J. JENNINGS, the present managing editor of the New York *Times*, is by birth an Englishman, but a thorough American by choice, political convictions, and residence. He was born in London, and was educated in that city. All his active life has been spent in the field of journalism, and few editors have had a more varied or extensive experience. On leaving school he went to manage a country paper, and there was called upon to do the general work of a reporter, as well as furnish the editorial articles. After two years of this kind of experience in Derbyshire and Manchester, in which he acquired a great deal of that practical knowledge which is essential to the success of a newspaper man, MR. JENNINGS returned to London, where he became editorial writer on the *Morning Chronicle*, which was then edited by the late Mr. COOK. The *Chronicle* was for some time quite a formidable rival of the London *Times*, on which paper COOK had commenced his journalistic career; but it never had the advantage of the excellent business management which the *Times* had enjoyed, and this told on its pecuniary resources, and Mr. COOK conceived the idea that by lightening the ship he might make a more prosperous and speedy voyage. The London *Saturday Review*, says the *Scotsman*, in a biographical sketch of Mr. COOK, was the result of his cogitations; it was, in fact, a weekly edition of the *Morning Chronicle* with the news thrown overboard, or, rather, condensed into those brilliant editorial articles which have made the fame of that paper. Mr. COOK had a keen appreciation of youthful talent. The best of the writers employed on the *Chronicle*, among whom was Mr. JENNINGS, were transferred to the *Saturday Review*. The experiment was a hazardous one, and, in spite of brilliant writing and energetic business management, three or four years elapsed before success was assured.

Besides writing for the *Saturday Review*, Mr. JENNINGS was a frequent and valued contributor to the London *Spectator*. The tact and brilliancy of his writings, and his general facility in newspaper work, were highly appreciated in newspaper circles, and in 1863 he was selected to be sent out to India as editor in chief of the *Friend of India*, which for many years has been the leading paper of Bengal. Mr. JENNINGS also acted as correspondent for the London *Times* from that country, and his letters describing the festival of Juggernaut at Serampore, in which several persons were crushed under the wheels of the car, and the famous cyclone of 1864, attracted much attention. He subsequently wrote a more carefully elaborated paper on the great cyclone for the *Fortnightly Review*, under the editorship of Mr. G. H. LEWES.

Upon his return to England from India, in 1865, Mr. JENNINGS was sent out to this country by the London *Times* to supersede Dr. CHARLES MACKAY as its American correspondent. Although he had never been in this country, Mr. JENNINGS had the good sense to see that Dr. MACKAY's course was wrong and foolish, and that he had been misleading the English public through his letters in regard to the real progress of the war and its probabilities, as well as in regard to the popular feeling of the North toward England, and made it the condition of acceptance with the proprietor of the *Times* that he should be allowed to give a truthful account of events and public opinion. After some hesitation the proprietor consented to the terms. The change of tone in the letters was at once marked. Dr. MACKAY had not only followed to the letter the one-sided instructions of the London office, but did so with a relish. He had an old personal grudge to gratify. He could not forget that the Americans had failed to recognize his merits when, a few years before, he made a lecturing tour through the States, and was delighted with the opportunity to pay off old scores. In the hands of Mr. JENNINGS the correspondence took another tone. Wholly unprejudiced against America, perhaps even then disposed to look favorably upon republican institutions, he took a broad and comprehensive view of the situation in its military and political aspects, and succeeded in placing before the English public a much fairer idea of American affairs than they had received from any of his predecessors. His services in this important work have received most flattering recognition from statesmen on both sides of the Atlantic. They were even more important to the English than to the American public.

Of one of his early letters Mr. RAYMOND wrote as follows in the New York *Times* of August 17, 1865:

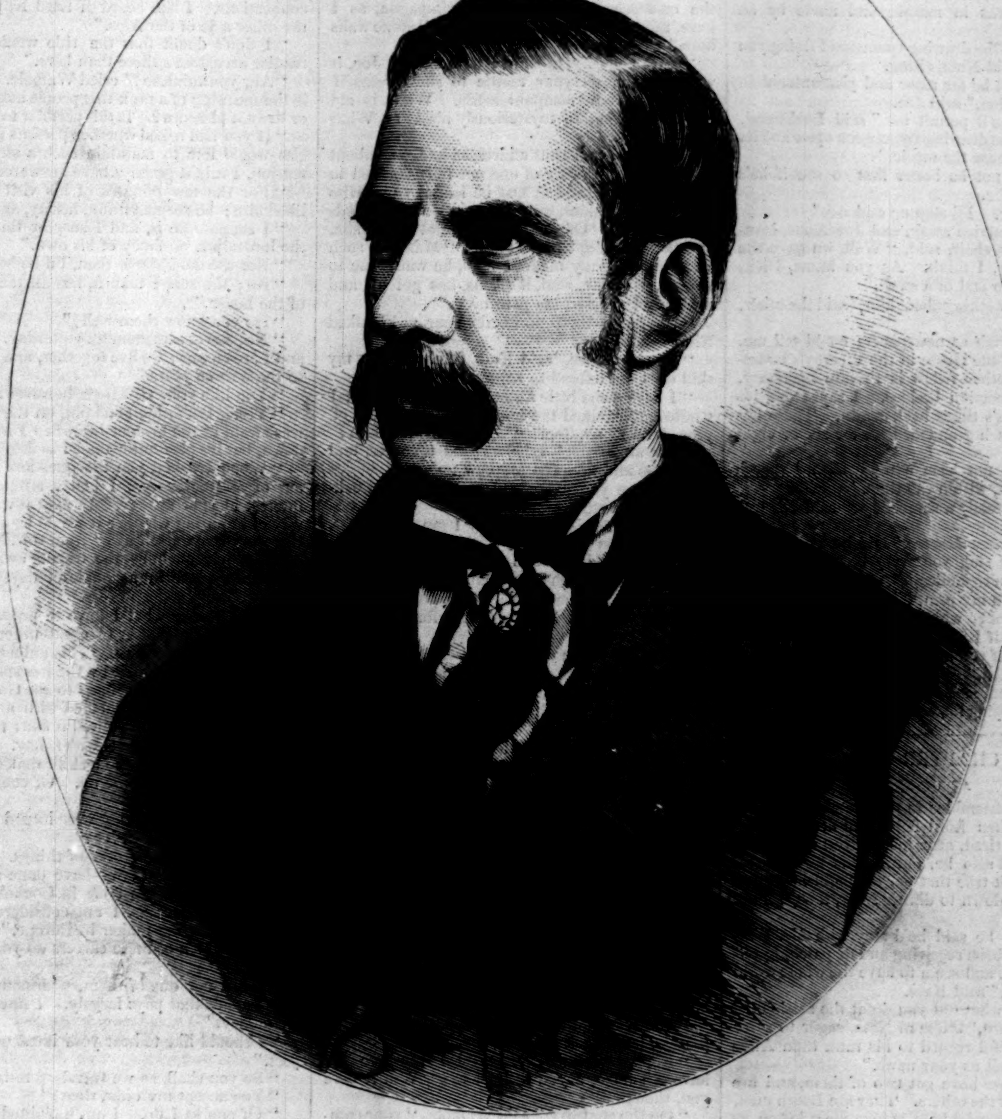
> "The London *Times* appears at last to find it to its interest to allow the publication of truthful reports in its columns respecting this country. The new correspondent, Mr. JENNINGS, has an admirable letter, dated from Saratoga, in the issue of our London contemporary of the 4th inst. It requires a peculiar faculty, which we trust Mr. JENNINGS does not possess, to do the work assigned to his predecessor. A steady outpouring of the dullest kind of malignity was marketable six months ago which is not marketable to-day. Hence this agreeable change. Mr. JENNINGS will be listened to now by his great constituency on the other side of the water, even if he speaks the truth fully and frankly, in accordance with the tastes and instincts of a gentleman."

The London *Times* was at first inclined to rebel against the sudden and radical change of tone; but Mr. JENNINGS declared his purpose to resign unless permitted to write the truth, and events soon justified his course.

In 1866 Mr. JENNINGS was invited by the late Mr. RAYMOND, whose acquaintance he had made in Washington, to contribute to the New York *Times;* and he assisted in starting the "Minor Topics," which immediately became a very popular feature of the paper. Mr. RAYMOND took a special interest in this brilliant department of the *Times.* The idea was his own; but in order to secure variety, freshness, and vivacity he pressed into service the most brilliant minds in journalism. His own "Topics" were always sharp and sparkling, and those of his chief assistants, Mr. JOHN SWINTON and Mr. JENNINGS, were marked by similar qualities.

In 1867 and 1868, after his return to England, Mr. JENNINGS was one of the regular editorial staff of the London *Times*, and gained much valuable experience in the hard but useful work of that journal. He also wrote a series of very interesting letters from London to the New York *Times*, signed "L," besides contributing to that journal literary articles and reviews of important English publications. In the fall of 1868 he resigned his position on the London *Times*, finding it inconvenient, in consequence of domestic ties, to go upon the foreign service to which he had been assigned by that paper. He immediately became connected with the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to which paper he had been a contributor when it was first established. He remained at this work—writing occasionally for the *Quarterly Review* and other publications—until August, 1869, when he returned to this country to take a position on the New York *Times.* On the resignation of Mr. GEORGE SHEPARD he accepted the responsible post of managing editor, which he continues to fill with great ability.

Mr. JENNINGS is a fluent and forcible writer. His knowledge of American politics is thorough, and his sympathy with our form of government is based on intelligent conviction. Under his management the *Times* has maintained its high reputation for fairness and courtesy, and on all the great questions of the day, in municipal as well as national affairs, its course has been high-minded and courageous.



LOUIS J. JENNINGS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GURNEY.]

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIII.—(*Continued.*)

As he stood at the door he heard the sound of voices laughing and talking pleasantly. He entered, and Nina arose as he came forward, and said, "Let me present my cousin—Mr. Richard Kearney, Major Lockwood; his friend, Mr. Atlee."

The two young men stood up—Kearney stiff and haughty, and Atlee with a sort of easy assurance that seemed to suit his good-looking but certainly snobbish style. As for Lockwood, he was too much a gentleman to have more than one manner, and he received these two men as he would have received any other two of any rank any where.

"These gentlemen have been showing me some strange versions of our little incident here in the Dublin papers," said Nina to Lockwood. "I scarcely thought we should become so famous."

"I suppose they don't stickle much for truth," said Lockwood, as he broke his egg in leisurely fashion.

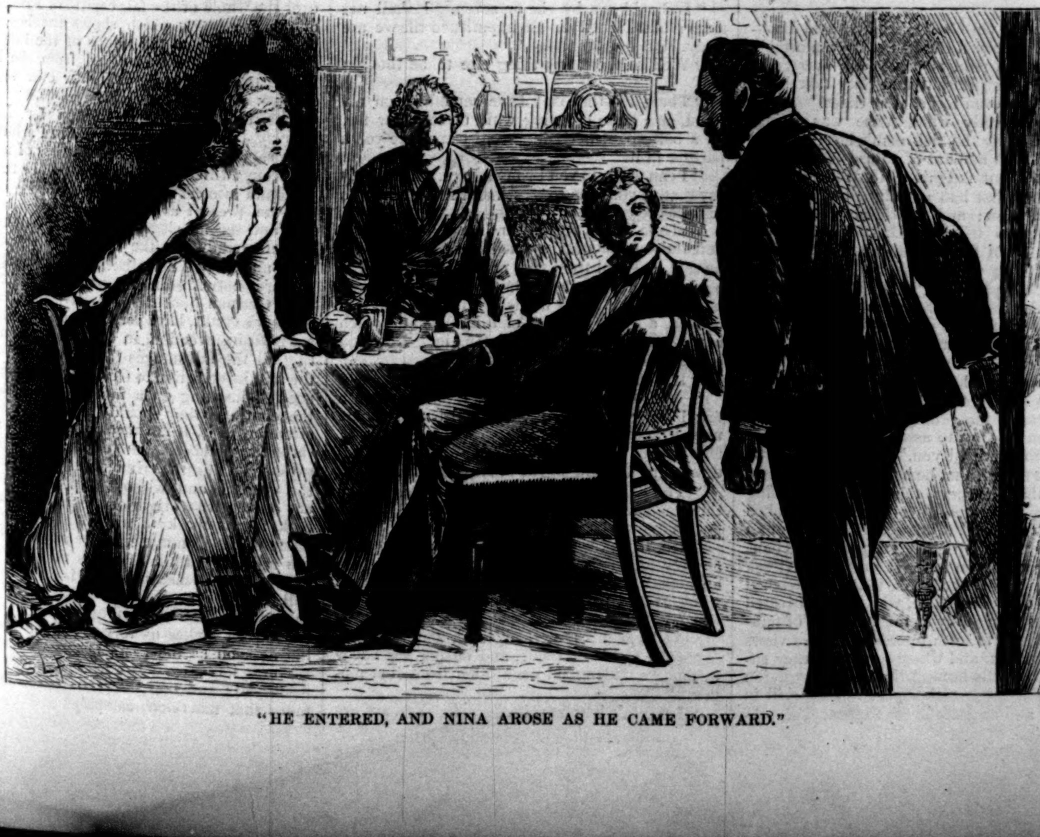
"They were scarcely able to provide a special correspondent for the event," said Atlee; "but I take it they give the main facts pretty accurately and fairly."

"Indeed!" said Lockwood, more struck by the manner than by the words of the speaker. "They mention, then, that my friend received a bad fracture of the forearm?"

"No, I don't think they do; at least, so far as I have seen. They speak of a night attack on Kilgobbin Castle, made by an armed party of six or seven men with faces blackened, and their complete repulse through the heroic conduct of a young lady."

"The main facts, then, include no mention of poor Walpole and his misfortune?"

"I don't think that we mere Irish attach any great importance to a broken arm, whether it came of a cricket-ball or gun; but we do interest ourselves deeply when an Irish girl displays feats of heroism and courage that men find it hard to rival."



"HE ENTERED, AND NINA AROSE AS HE CAME FORWARD."

"It was very fine," said Lockwood, gravely.

"Fine! I should think it was fine!" burst out Atlee. "It was so fine that had the deed been done on the other side of this narrow sea, the nation would not have been satisfied till your Poet Laureate had commemorated it in verse."

"Have they discovered any traces of the fellows?" said Lockwood, who declined to follow the discussion into this channel.

"My father has gone over to Moate to-day," said Kearney, now speaking for the first time, "to hear the examination of two fellows who have been taken up on suspicion."

"You have plenty of this sort of thing in your country," said Atlee to Nina.

"Where do you mean, when you say my country?"

"I mean Greece."

"But I have not seen Greece since I was a child, so high; I have lived always in Italy."

"Well, Italy has Calabria and the Terra del Lavoro."

"And how much do we in Rome know about either?"

"About as much," said Lockwood, "as Belgravia does of the Bog of Allen."

"You'll return to your friends in civilized life with almost the fame of an African traveler, Major Lockwood," said Atlee, pertly.

"If Africa can boast such hospitality, I certainly rather envy than compassionate Doctor Livingstone," said he, politely.

"Somebody," said Kearney, dryly, "calls hospitality the breeding of the savage."

"But I deny that we are savage," cried Atlee. "I contend for it that all our civilization is higher, and that, class for class, we are in a more advanced culture than the English; that your chawbacon is not as intelligent a being as our bogtrotter; that your petty shopkeeper is inferior to ours; that throughout our middle classes there is not only a higher morality but a higher refinement than with you."

"I read in one of the most accredited journals of England the other day that Ireland had never produced a poet, could not even show a second-rate humorist," said Kearney.

"Swift and Sterne were third-rate, or, perhaps, English," said Atlee.

"These are themes I'll not attempt to discuss," said Lockwood; "but I know one thing, it takes three times as much military force to govern the smaller island."

"That is to say, to govern the country after *your* fashion; but leave it to ourselves. Pack your portmanteaus and go away, and then see if we'll need this parade of horse, foot, and dragoons;

these batteries of guns and these brigades of peelers."

"You'd be the first to beg us to come back again."

"Doubtless, as the Greeks are begging the Turks. Eh, Mademoiselle, can you fancy throwing yourself at the feet of a Pasha and asking leave to be his slave?"

"The only Greek slave I ever heard of," said Lockwood, "was in marble and made by an American."

"Come into the drawing-room and I'll sing you something," said Nina, rising.

"Which will be far nicer and pleasanter than all this discussion," said Joe.

"And if you'll permit me," said Lockwood, "we'll leave the drawing-room door open and let poor Walpole hear the music."

"Would it not be better first to see if he's asleep?" said she.

"That's true. I'll step up and see."

Lockwood hurried away, and Joe Atlee, leaning back in his chair, said, "Well, we gave the Saxon a canter, I think. As you know, Dick, that fellow is no end of a swell."

"You know nothing about him," said the other, gruffly.

"Only so much as newspapers could tell me. He's Master of the Horse in the Viceroy's household, and the other fellow is Private Secretary, and some connection besides. I say, Dick, it's all King James's times back again. There has not been so much grandeur here for six or eight generations."

"There has not been a more absurd speech made than that, within the time."

"And he is really a somebody?" said Nina, to Atlee.

"A *gran signore davvero*," said he, pompously. "If you don't sing your very best for him, I'll swear you are a republican."

"Come, take my arm, Nina. I may call you Nina, may I not?" whispered Kearney.

"Certainly, if I may call you Joe."

"You may, if you like," said he, roughly, "but my name is Dick."

"I am Beppo, and very much at your orders," said Atlee, stepping forward and leading her away.

CHAPTER XIV.

AT DINNER.

They were assembled in the drawing-room before dinner, when Lord Kilgobbin arrived, heated, dusty, and tired, after his twelve-miles' drive. "I say, girls," said he, putting his head inside the door, "is it true that our distinguished guest is not coming down to dinner? for, if so, I'll not wait to dress."

"No, papa; he said he'd stay with Mr. Walpole. They've been receiving and dispatching telegrams all day, and seem to have the whole world on their hands," said Kate.

"Well, Sir, what did you do at the sessions?"

"Yes, my lord," broke in Nina, eager to show her more mindful regard to his rank than Atlee displayed; "tell us your news."

"I suspect we have got two of them, and are on the traces of the others. They are Louth men, and were sent special here to give me a lesson, as they call it. That's what our blessed newspapers have brought us to. Some idle vagabond, at his wits' end for an article, fastens on some unlucky country gentleman, neither much better nor worse than his neighbors, holds him up to public reprobation, perfectly sure that within a week's time some rascal who owes him a grudge—the fellow he has evicted for non-payment of rent, the blackguard he prosecuted for perjury, or some other of the like stamp—will write a piteous letter to the editor, relating his wrongs. The next act of the drama is a notice on the hall door, with a coffin at the top; and the piece closes with a charge of slugs in your body, as you are on your road to mass. Now, if I had the making of the laws, the first fellow I'd lay hands on would be the newspaper writer. Eh, Master Atlee, am I right?"

"I go with you to the furthest extent, my lord."

"I vote we hang Joe, then," cried Dick. "He is the only member of the fraternity I have any acquaintance with."

"What—do you tell me that you write for the papers?" asked my lord, slyly.

"He's quizzing, Sir; he knows right well I have no gifts of that sort."

"Here's dinner, papa. Will you give Nina your arm? Mr. Atlee, you are to take me."

"You'll not agree with me, Nina, my dear," said the old man, as he led her along; "but I'm heartily glad we have not that great swell who dined with us yesterday."

"I do agree with you, uncle—I dislike him."

"Perhaps I'm unjust to him; but I thought he treated us all with a sort of bland pity that I found very offensive."

"Yes; I thought that too. His manner seemed to say, 'I am very sorry for you, but what can be done?'"

"Is the other fellow—the wounded one—as bad?"

She pursed up her lip, slightly shrugged her shoulders, and then said, "There's not a great deal to choose between them; but I think I like him better."

"How do you like Dick, eh?" said he, in a whisper.

"Oh, so much!" said she, with one of her half-downcast looks, but which never prevented her seeing what passed in her neighbor's face.

"Well, don't let him fall in love with *you*," said he, with a smile, "for it would be bad for you both."

"But why should he?" said she, with an air of innocence.

"Just because I don't see how he is to escape it. What's Master Atlee saying to you, Kitty?"

"He's giving me some hints about horse-breaking," said she, quietly.

"Is he? by George! Well, I'd like to see him follow you over that fallen timber in the back lawn. We'll have you out, Master Joe, and give you a field-day to-morrow," said the old man.

"I vote we do," cried Dick; "unless, better still, we could persuade Miss Betty to bring the dogs over and give us a cub-hunt."

"I want to see a cub-hunt," broke in Nina.

"Do you mean that you ride to hounds, Cousin Nina?" asked Dick.

"I should think that any one who has taken the ox-fences on the Roman Campagna, as I have, might venture to face your small stone walls here."

"That's plucky, anyhow; and I hope, Joe, it will put you on your mettle to show yourself worthy of your companionship. What is old Mathew looking so mysteriously about? What do you want?"

The old servant thus addressed had gone about the room with the air of one not fully decided to whom to speak, and at last he leaned over Miss Kearney's shoulder, and whispered a few words in her ear. "Of course not, Mat!" said she, and then turning to her father, "Mat has such an opinion of my medical skill, he wants me to see Mr. Walpole, who, it seems, has got up, and evidently increased his pain by it."

"Oh, but is there no doctor near us?" asked Nina, eagerly.

"I'd go at once," said Kate, frankly, "but my skill does not extend to surgery."

"I have some little knowledge in that way; I studied and walked the hospitals for a couple of years," broke out Joe. "Shall I go up to him?"

"By all means," cried several together, and Joe arose and followed Mathew up stairs.

"Oh, are you a medical man?" cried Lockwood, as the other entered.

"After a fashion, I may say I am. At least, I can tell you where my skill will come to its limit, and that is something."

"Look here, then—he would insist on getting up, and I fear he has displaced the position of the bones. You must be very gentle, for the pain is terrific."

"No; there's no great mischief done—the fractured parts are in a proper position. It is the mere pain of disturbance. Cover it all over with the ice again, and"—here he felt his pulse—"let him have some weak brandy-and-water."

"That's sensible advice—I feel it. I am shivery all over," said Walpole.

"I'll go and make a brew for you," cried Joe, "and you shall have it as hot as you can drink it."

He had scarcely left the room, when he returned with the smoking compound.

"You're such a jolly doctor," said Walpole, "I feel sure you'd not refuse me a cigar?"

"Certainly not."

"Only think! that old barbarian who was here this morning said I was to have nothing but weak tea or iced lemonade."

Lockwood selected a mild-looking weed and handed it to his friend, and was about to offer one to Atlee, when he said:

"But we have taken you from your dinner—pray go back again."

"No, we were at dessert. I'll stay here and have a smoke, if you will let me. Will it bore you, though?"

"On the contrary," said Walpole, "your company will be a great boon to us; and as for myself, you have done me good already."

"What would you say, Major Lockwood, to taking my place below stairs? They are just sitting over their wine—some very pleasant claret, and the young ladies, I perceive here, give half an hour of their company before they leave the dining-room."

"Here goes, then," said Lockwood. "Now that you remind me of it, I do want a glass of wine."

Lockwood found the party below stairs eagerly discussing Joe Atlee's medical qualifications, and doubting whether, if it was a knowledge of civil engineering or marine gunnery had been required, he would not have been equally ready to offer himself for the emergency.

"I'll lay my life on it, if the real doctor arrives, Joe will take the lead in the consultation," cried Dick: "he is the most unabashable villain in Europe."

"Well, he has put Cecil all right," said Lockwood; "he has settled the arm most comfortably on the pillow, the pain is decreasing every moment, and by his pleasant and jolly talk he is making Walpole even forget it at times."

This was exactly what Atlee was doing. Watching carefully the sick man's face, he plied him with just that amount of amusement that he could bear without fatigue. He told him the absurd versions that had got abroad of the incident in the press; and cautiously feeling his way, went on to tell how Dick Kearney had started from town full of the most fiery intentions toward that visitor whom the newspapers called a "noted profligate" of London celebrity. "If you had not been shot before, we were to have managed it for you now," said he.

"Surely these fellows who wrote this had never heard of me."

"Of course they had not, farther than that you were on the Viceroy's staff; but is not that ample warranty for profligacy? Besides, the real intention was not to assail you, but the people here who admitted you." Thus talking, he led Walpole to own that he had no acquaintanceship with the Kearneys, that a mere passing curiosity to see the interesting house had provoked his request, to which the answer, coming from an old friend, led to his visit. Through this channel Atlee drew him on to the subject of the Greek girl and her parentage. As Walpole sketched the society of Rome, Atlee, who had cultivated the gift of listening fully as much as that of talking, knew where to seem interested by the views of life thrown out, and where to show a racy enjoyment of the little humoristic bits of description which the other was rather proud of his skill in deploying; and as Atlee always appeared so conversant with the family history of the people they were discussing, Walpole spoke with unbounded freedom and openness.

"You must have been astonished to meet the 'Titian girl' in Ireland?" said Joe, at last, for he had caught up the epithet dropped accidentally in the other's narrative, and kept it for use.

"Was I not! but, if my memory had been clearer, I should have remembered she had Irish connections. I had heard of Lord Kilgobbin on the other side of the Alps."

"I don't doubt that the title would meet a readier acceptance there than here."

"Ah, you think so!" cried Walpole. "What is the meaning of a rank that people acknowledge or deny at pleasure? Is this peculiar to Ireland?"

"If you had asked whether persons any where else would like to maintain such a strange pretension, I might perhaps have answered you."

"For the few minutes of his visit to me, I liked him; he seemed frank, hearty, and genial."

"I suppose he is, and I suspect this folly of the lordship is no fancy of his own."

"Nor the daughter's, then, I'll be bound."

"No; the son, I take it, has all the ambition of the house."

"Do you know them well?"

"No; never saw them till yesterday. The son and I are chums; we live together, and have done so these three years."

"You like your visit here, however?"

"Yes. It's rather good fun, on the whole. I was afraid of the in-door life when I was coming down, but it's pleasanter than I looked for."

"When I asked you the question, it was not out of idle curiosity. I had a strong personal interest in your answer. In fact, it was another way of inquiring whether it would be a great sacrifice to tear yourself away from this."

"No, inasmuch as the tearing away process must take place in a couple of days—three at farthest."

"That makes what I have to propose all the easier. It is a matter of great urgency for me to reach Dublin at once. This unlucky incident has been so represented by the newspapers as to give considerable uneasiness to the Government, and they are even threatened with a discussion on it in the House. Now, I'd start to-morrow, if I thought I could travel with safety. You have so impressed me with your skill, that, if I dared, I'd ask you to convoy me up. Of course I mean as my physician."

"But I'm not one, nor ever intend to be."

"You studied, however?"

"As I have done scores of things. I know a little bit of criminal law—have done some ship-building—rode *haute école* in Cooke's Circus—and, after M. Dumas, I am considered the best amateur macaroni-maker in Europe."

"And which of these careers do you intend to abide by?"

"None, not one of them. 'Financing' is the only pursuit that pays largely. I intend to go in for money."

"I should like to hear your ideas on that subject."

"So you shall, as we travel up to town."

"You accept my offer, then?"

"Of course I do. I am delighted to have so many hours in your company. I believe I can safely say I have that amount of skill to be of service to you. One begins his medical experience with fractures. They are the pot-hooks and hangers of surgery, and I have gone that far. Now what are your plans?"

"My plans are to leave this early to-morrow, so as to rest during the hot hours of the day, and reach Dublin by nightfall. Why do you smile?"

"I smile at your notion of climate; but I never knew any man who had been once in Italy able to disabuse himself of the idea that there were three or four hours every summer day to be passed with closed shutters and iced drinks."

"Well, I believe I was thinking of a fiercer sun and a hotter soil than these. To return to my project: we can find means of posting, carriage and horses, in the village. I forget its name."

"I'll take care of all that. At what hour will you start?"

"I should say by six or seven. I shall not sleep; and I shall be all impatience till we are away."

"Well, is there any thing else to be thought of?"

"There is—that is, I have something on my mind, and I am debating with myself how far, on a half-hour's acquaintance, I can make you a partner in it."

"I can not help you by my advice. I can only say that, if you like to trust me, I'll know how to respect the confidence."

Walpole looked steadily and steadfastly at him, and the examination seemed to satisfy him, for he said, "I will trust you, not that the matter is a secret in any sense that involves consequences; but it is a thing that needs a little tact and discretion, a slight exercise of a light hand, which is what my friend Lockwood fails in. Now you could do it."

"If I can, I will. What is it?"

"Well, the matter is this. I have written a few lines here, very illegibly and badly, as you may believe, for they were with my left hand; and besides having the letter conveyed to its address, I need a few words of explanation."

"The Titan girl," muttered Joe, as though thinking aloud.

"Why do you say so?"

"Oh, it was easy enough to see her greater anxiety and uneasiness about you. There was an actual flash of jealousy across her features when Miss Kearney proposed coming up to see you."

"And was this remarked, think you?"

"Only by me. *I* saw, and let her see I saw it, and we understood each other from that moment."

"I mustn't let you mistake me. You are not to suppose that there is any thing between Mademoiselle Kostalergi and myself. I knew a good deal about her father, and there were family circumstances in which I was once able to be of use; and I wished to let her know that if at any time she desired to communicate with me, I could procure an address, under which she could write with freedom."

"As for instance: 'J. Atlee, 48 Old Square, Trinity College, Dublin.'"

"Well, I did not think of that at the moment," said Walpole, smiling. "Now," continued he, "though I have written all this, it is so blotted and disgraceful generally—done with the left hand, and while in great pain—that I think it would be as well not to send the letter, but simply a message—"

Atlee nodded, and Walpole went on: "A message to say that I was wishing to write, but unable; and that if I had her permission, so soon as my fingers could hold a pen, to finish—yes, to finish that communication I had already begun, and if she felt there was no inconvenience in writing to me, under cover to your care, I should pledge myself to devote all my zeal and my best services to her interests."

"In fact, I am to lead her to suppose she ought to have the most implicit confidence in you, and to believe in me, because I say so."

"I do not exactly see that these are my instructions to you."

"Well, you certainly want to write to her."

"I don't know that I do."

"At all events, you want her to write to *you*."

"You are nearer the mark now."

"That ought not to be very difficult to arrange. I'll go down now and have a cup of tea, and I may, I hope, come up and see you again before bed-time?"

"Wait one moment," cried Walpole, as the other was about to leave the room. "Do you see a small tray on that table yonder, with some trinkets? Yes, that is it. Well, will you do me the favor to choose something among them as your fee? Come, come, you know you are my doctor now, and I insist on this. There's nothing of any value there, and you will have no misgivings."

"Am I to take it haphazard?" asked Atlee.

"Whatever you like," said the other, indolently.

"I have selected a ring," said Atlee, as he drew it on his finger.

"Not an opal?"

"Yes, it is an opal with brilliants round it."

"I'd rather you'd taken all the rest than that. Not that I ever wear it, but somehow it has a bit of memory attached to it."

"Do you know," said Atlee, gravely, "you are adding immensely to the value I desired to see in it? I wanted something as a souvenir of you—what the Germans call a *Denkmal*, and here is evidently what has some secret clew to your affections. It was not an old love-token?"

"No; or I should certainly not part with it."

"It did not belong to a friend now no more?"

"Nor that either," said he, smiling at the other's persistent curiosity.

"Then, if it be neither the gift of an old love nor a lost friend, I'll not relinquish it," cried Joe.

"Be it so," said Walpole, half carelessly. "Mine was a mere caprice, after all. It is linked with a reminiscence—there's the whole of it; but if you care for it, pray keep it."

"I do care for it, and I will keep it."

It was a very peculiar smile that curled Walpole's lip as he heard this speech, and there was an expression in his eyes that seemed to say, What manner of man is this, what sort of nature, new and strange to me, is he made of?

"By-by!" said Atlee, carelessly, and he strolled away.

THE SECOND SIEGE OF PARIS.

DESCRIBED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

The story of the second siege of Paris is a chapter full of horrors. On page 644, this week, we give an illustration which shows how families were driven into cellars, to save themselves from the shells that rained destruction and death over the whole of the fair capital of France; and one on page 653, which shows the hearty welcome extended to the troops of the line by the inhabitants whom they saved from the horrors of the most desperate civil war ever waged in France.

The following letter, written for *Harper's Weekly*, by a lady who remained in Paris through both sieges, and was an eye-witness of many of the scenes which she describes, will be read with profound interest:

I was present as an eye-witness at both the first and second sieges of Paris. The first has passed already into the domain of ancient history, and I have no intention of dwelling on it. A word, notwithstanding, on the subject. Certain German journals, ill-advisedly for their country's credit, have persisted, during the whole Parisian insurrection, in complacently enumerating all the advantages that would accrue from the said insurrection to Germany. There was no need of insisting on a fact so self-evident; on the contrary, they should have avoided calling attention to it, if not through modesty, at least through prudence. There is an old adage which says, "To find the criminal, ask who profits by the crime;" and without expatiating at present on the true origin of the movement which took for its mask municipal liberty under the name of the Commune, let us assure those who are rejoicing at the disasters of Paris that on one point, at least, their joy is premature and will be delusive. The second siege of Paris has caused the first to be forgotten. Yes, just as acute pain makes us forget chronic suffering; but as soon as the first disappears, the second resumes its sway. It was suspended, but not destroyed; and now that the French army has made that marvelous campaign in Paris, which no army of Europe dared undertake—now that law and order again reign in Paris, we call to mind who were spies in time of peace and robbers in time of war.

My friends marveled greatly at the courage of which I gave proof by remaining in Paris, even during the reign of his Majesty Crapule. I am undeserving of their praises, for my courage sprang chiefly from ignorance and incredulity. I did not know the meaning of Socialism, the Commune, and the International Society; and, moreover, I did not believe in the possibility of crimes such as we have witnessed. From this time forth, I feel myself sufficiently well taught; and should I be so unfortunate as to live long enough ever to witness the re-appearance of the red flag, which is the symbol of blood, fire, pillage, and assassination, I will flee to the ends of the earth, were it among the cannibals, who, at least, if they robbed and killed me, would not pretend to do it for the sake of progress, and in the name of the new law of which they are at once the apostles, the law-givers, and the executioners.

The story of the two months which passed from the 18th of March to the 27th of May can not be told too often. It should be repeated again and again in all publications, to impress on the public the necessity of stifling in the germ those false theories which, if suffered to grow, will mature into the indescribable calamities which have just crushed unhappy Paris.

On March 18, 1871, a day of fatal memory, we learned with horror of the defection of sundry soldiers—rebels to their duty and traitors to their flag—who had been misled, let us hope, rather than perverted. An old friend who came that day to give me an account of what was passing, said with a pensive air, as he finished his story, "The results of this act will surpass any thing that I ever witnessed. This will be the most fatal day in the annals of France."

The facts are familiar to every one; I will sum them up in a few words. During the first siege the National Guard of Paris had purchased a few guns by subscription. By a strange and unhappy fatality these guns were posted in the very small district of Paris which the Germans insisted on occupying on their triumphal entry. The ringleaders of the so-called socialistic movement, who had been on the alert for two months past, seized the opportunity that was offered them to persuade the populace that these guns, which would be carried off by the Prussians, were their own private property, just as if they still retained the ownership of what they had given to the state. No matter; the spark kindled; and men, women, and children harnessed themselves to the guns, and dragged them to Montmartre—that is, the spot most remote from that which would be temporarily occupied by the Germans. Doubtless among those who aided in carrying off the guns many were moved by patriotic frenzy. Patriotism was one of the impulses of which the ringleaders availed themselves to carry out their designs, but which they never practiced on their own account.

From the moment that the guns were carried to Montmartre and placed there under the keeping of several battalions of the National Guard, an increasing effervescence manifested itself in Paris. No steps were taken to allay it. The red flag was raised at several points in Paris; it was suffered to remain. Multitudes flocked every night to the clubs to listen to orators whose absurdity was only equaled by their violence. They were let alone. Finally, two or three days before the 18th of March, the government conceived the idea that labor and public confidence were fettered by this irregular state of affairs, and attempted to put an end to it by measures which were not only ill judged, but marked by the most incredible short-sightedness. For instance, it dispatched battalions to Montmartre to retake the guns, which was accomplished without striking a blow; but it had neglected to send horses to take them away. The horses came at last, after four hours' delay. In the mean time the insurgents had collected in great numbers. The traitorous soldiers of the 88th regiment of the line fraternized with the mob; two generals were shot (LECOMTE and CLÉMENT THOMAS); and, fearing to add new strength to the insurrection by sending soldiers against it who might be demoralized by the socialistic doctrines, the government abandoned Paris.

At first the insurrection, or rather its leaders—disguised to this date under the name of the Central Committee of the National Guard, which name itself was the disguise of the International Society—attempted to reconcile what was essentially irreconcilable—rebellion against the law of the land and legality; and seemed to wish to remain within the limits of what were somewhat vaguely designated as the Commune and municipal liberties. But logic is implacable; it shakes off those who attempt to stop its course, and obliges them to pursue the road on which they have entered, should it end in crime. As a matter of course, every day and hour brought its quota of measures, first arbitrary and ridiculous, and then oppressive. Bedlam had fraternized with the galleys, and this monstrous union produced all the results that might have been expected from it. The signification of words was reversed, and thus, naturally and without effort, every thing was glorified that morality had taught us to condemn, and every thing was condemned that we had been taught to respect here below. The heroes were traitors to their country—the *crossards*, as they had been contemptuously styled by the army, from having crossed their muskets in the air before the mob at Montmartre who had assassinated their generals. The right side was that of the mob, and all France, represented by deputies freely elected, was the incarnation of usurpation. While in insurrection against the universal suffrage exercised by the whole of France, they undertook to force the whole country to respect the votes of the members of the Paris Commune—a vote which was as radically worthless in its origin as its application. A handful of unknown individuals, and foreigners gathered from the scum of all nations, had manufactured here the most restricted suffrage that ever was seen, and baptizing it universal suffrage, proclaimed the lawfulness of the very principle which they denied.

But this was not the greatest difficulty. The point in question was to govern, which is less easy than to foment, an insurrection. To seize the power is unhappily too often readily done in Paris; to keep it is another affair. When all the bonds have been broken that linked together the individuals of the great family that composes human society, one finds himself fettered by the fact that it was these very bonds which guaranteed the rights of the whole by defining the duties of each individual. Ridicule soon attached itself to those reformers who had so long set themselves up as apostles of a philosophy destined to insure the happiness of all humanity. They had theorized all their lives; now they had an opportunity to act. Suddenly brought from the obscurity which protected them into the broad daylight of public life, and subjected to the ordeal of ruling, each of their deeds proclaimed their radical incapacity, and the worthlessness of what they called doctrines, but what was only covetousness. To escape ridicule they courted odium; but their iniquity was only a mixture of the grotesque and the horrible. And here, too, the worthlessness of the individuals was strikingly revealed: the crimes which they committed were only plagiarisms; and vainly were these crimes gigantic—the perpetrators remained dwarfs. And why? Because this revolution was not waged, like its predecessors, in behalf of an idea, but only in that of private interests, for there was nothing about it that was not stamped with the imprint of the grossest materialism. As they attempted to begin anew a work which was already done they were only imbecile copyists. They undertook to destroy things which had no existence—among others, mortmain property, and strove to reproduce the atrocities of the past, which were thought to be forever buried with their authors. It was thus that they pillaged the churches, and even the charitable institutions devoted to the service of the poor, in the name of fraternity, and imprisoned the priests and nuns in the name of liberty.

Paris daily became more empty and more lifeless. The revolution, made in the name and for the interests of the working-men, had for its immediate result the cessation of all labor. The few workshops which remained open were closed by order of the Commune. The aspect of the city became more and more gloomy. The inconceivable law compelling the Parisians to fight against their country's army, in order to defend the strangers who had taken possession of their city, induced the emigration of all who possessed money enough to enable them to await outside of Paris the end of this sinister parody. Some attempted to conceal themselves; but they were styled refractory, sought out, incorporated into the insurgent army, or shot. All the population of Paris tremblingly awaited the coming of their saviors—that is, of the army of France. Deliverance came at last, but at what a fearful cost!

On Monday morning, May 22, we heard the blessed news, "The army is in Paris!" On Tuesday the fighting began in my quarter, the Ninth Arrondissement. About noon the troops of the line appeared in our street, and were welcomed by shouts of joy from all the inhabitants. The windows were filled with applauding citizens, and the cry resounded from all sides, "*Vive la ligne! vive l'armée!*" Every one hastened to bring wine, coffee, and tobacco; and no one who witnessed the scene will ever forget the perfect discipline and good conduct of our brave soldiers—those gens-d'armes styled assassins on the placards which had been distributed every where through Paris during the last two months. At two o'clock we learned that the army was in possession of Montmartre, a position which had been considered impregnable, and which threatened our quarter with the greatest dangers—dangers the magnitude of which we were far as yet from conceiving. That day we felt a sort of comparative tranquillity, thinking that Paris would soon be free, and order restored.

Very early on Wednesday morning I fancied that a violent storm was impending. Thick, reddish-gray clouds lowered in the distance, the air was hot and heavy, and the whole sky was covered in appearance with clouds bursting with electric fires. Alas, it was fire indeed! And we heard, one after another, of the burning of the Tuileries, the Palais Royal, the Hôtel de Ville, the Palais de Justice, the Préfecture de Police, the Caisse des Dépôts et Consignations du Conseil d'État, the Palais de la Légion d'Honneur, and the Ministère des Finances. Then came news of those atrocious deeds which future generations will refuse to believe—the sewers of Paris undermined, with electric wires attached to torpedoes, and concentrated in the quarters still in the power of this horde of bandits—all Paris, with more than a million of inhabitants, devoted to destruction! Then came the total ruin of innumerable families; and, to crown this monstrous work, the assassination of the Archbishop, Abbé DUGUERRY, the worthy M. BONJEAN, and the priests, nuns, and gens-d'armes, whom these ruffians styled *hostages*.

Yes, we have witnessed all these scenes, every one of which is indelibly imprinted on my memory. I can not, nor do I wish to, forget them. Every one, indeed, should keep these pictures in his mind, and guard them in his conscience. Their lurid light should illumine all his thoughts and acts, and show him the result of the socialistic ideas which have inflamed the imagination of the populace, and been the flaming torches which have involved in a common ruin the palaces of sovereigns, the monuments of history, the homes of hard-working citizens, and even the tools by which the working-man earns his daily bread.

But we must be just, even in the face of all these iniquities, and place the responsibility where it rightly belongs. Many causes have concurred in producing the results I have just described. It is impossible to mention them all: this would take volumes; but we can at least be true, if we have not time to tell the whole truth. In the first place, let us separate the followers from the leaders, the chiefs from the soldiers. Every one knows, and the thought is consoling, that this insurrection was not French. Both leaders and soldiers of the mob were, in great part, foreigners, as statistics prove by figures that can not be refuted. Paris was not the author, but the victim, of an international revolution.

Another fact, which should have been cited first, is that even in the worst excesses the men, when most resembling brutes, defended their acts by the idea of the right. All that we have seen done was done in the name of the right, only words had changed their meaning; and however appalling this perversion of the intellect and conscience may be to the observer, the moralist sees in it a gleam of hope. And the responsibility of this perversion falls directly on the ambitious publicists, such as LOUIS BLANC, who have flattered the envy of the populace in order to lead them, and have rendered this envy legitimate in their sight. The masses, hearing continually that they were preyed upon by capitalists, believed it. Those who had not been industrious or economical enough to save any thing learned with joy that the savings of others belonged to them by right. LOUIS BLANC formerly terrified peaceful men by proclaiming the right to labor; to-day, as a logical result, we have witnessed the proclamation of the right to idleness. The insurgent Parisians could make nothing at all of the socialistic doctrines, which was not surprising; but they remembered a few sentences which had been thrown out to them as bait, and acted on them. They had no idea of sharing with the rich, but simply intended to take their place. "Every one must have his turn; they have had theirs," were the words which were heard at every street corner and in every public vehicle. And, without knowing it, they were more logical than their leaders.

What is the meaning, indeed, of that emancipation of the lower classes with which the hearts of the populace have been fired? Whatever may be the form of government in France, a man of the people can attain to competence or fortune according to the disposition or capacity with which he is endowed; he can attain to celebrity and honors if he has talent: in a word, as an individual all paths are open to him. As to caste, that is another affair; for this involves not the emancipation of some, but the subjugation of all who do not practice manual labor. There will be no science, no art, no thought in this new society, and we shall relapse, in the name of progress, to the condition of the brutes. A man's savings being confiscated and interdicted, he can no longer support his aged parents, but must send them to the asylum. As the parents must follow some manual labor, they can no longer bring up and take care of their children, but must send them to the asylum. And all individuals having the same wants, the same tastes, and the same habits, the world will be simply a vast prison, where the hours of sleeping, rising, and eating will be subject to inflexible rules. But I forget: to have a prison there must be jailers, and where shall we find them? and who would obey them when found? The jailers of the new era would probably be taken from the leaders of the International Society.

Thus, because a fraction of humanity endures sufferings largely due to its defects or vices, to improvidence or drunkenness, all humanity must be condemned to the same sufferings. Is this progress? We blush to discuss such mad theories, but the necessity is forced upon us, for it was just such mad theories as these that gave rise to the burning of Paris.

It was through belief in this new idea of right, this reconstruction of privilege in their favor, that many of the Parisians obeyed the International Society. Others, not less grossly deceived, had a nobler motive, and with these the second siege may be said to have been the result of the first. For five months their heroism was kept on the stretch; they were told that it was noble and grand to defend the ramparts against the enemy, to build barricades, to devote themselves to death to retard the enemy's progress, and to do him all the harm possible. They were told that they must defend Paris like Saragossa of old, and be buried, if need were, beneath its ruins. And they would have done so, only the Germans did not expose themselves to this kind of battle, and the Parisians expended their pent-up bravery on those who were pointed out to them as their enemies—that is to say, alas! on the army of France. The leaders of the insurrection devoted themselves to this execrable work; the most atrocious insults and calumnies were daily placarded about Paris against those who were styled "the enemy." If the troubled minds of the people had had an instant of respite they would have seen that their only enemy was the International Society, and would have returned to their allegiance.

As to the leaders of the insurrection, after setting aside those who were utterly mad (and there were several such), and the foreigners, who were numerous, we have left a few individuals who have the revolution as others have the gout or the leprosy, as a chronic malady which death alone can end—the PYATS, DELESCLUSES, and BLANQUIS—individuals obedient not to an idea, or even a conviction, but to an imperious necessity, the result of moral disease. None of them will ever be able to tell why the insurrection took place, or what end it proposed to attain. Negations and declamations formed the substance of their speeches and proclamations; contempt of law and justice under every form, and the substitution of the most shameless and absurd arbitrary rules for the code of civilized nations—such was the programme of all their acts.

In short, the insurrection of the 18th of March may be summed up in this wise:

It was made by unknown men for an unknown cause, and under the sway of influences unknown, but contained in the answer to the question, In the existing state of affairs, who was most interested in the exhaustion and ruin of France?

The worst of all foes is he who has done you the most harm, and who can not consequently forgive you the injury he has done. The robber plunders his victim, and then murders him that he may not bear testimony to the robbery. After plundering France, her foes sought to kill her by blowing up Paris. EMMELINE RAYMOND.

THE "LIVONIA."

THIS new schooner-yacht, of which we give a sketch on page 649, was recently built for Mr. JAMES ASHBURY, the owner of the *Cambria*. Her sailing qualities, tested in one or two matches, are said to be very satisfactory. The *Livonia* is a fine vessel, and Americans are especially interested in her performances, from the fact that she was built expressly to compete with the yachts of the New York Yacht Club in the regatta arranged for next fall, when Mr. ASHBURY hopes to regain the cup won by the *America* in 1851. She is furnished with a magnificent suit of American cotton sails, and her dimensions are as follows: Builder's measurement, 280 tons; length over all, 127 feet; length on load line, 106 feet 6 inches; breadth of beam, 23 feet 6 inches; and depth, 12 feet. The height of the mainmast is 88 feet; and the length of the main-boom is 70 feet. The displacement is equal to 207 tons.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SOME clever fellow has invented a new kind of ink, called "love-letter ink." It is a sure preventive against all cases of "breach of promise," as the ink *fades away* and leaves the sheet blank in about four weeks after being written upon.

An artist, showing his pictures to a customer, received the following short retort: "Well, I don't think much of this," holding up the picture before him. "Don't think much of it! Why, that's a very rare print—a very rare print indeed, Sir." "Rare! I've no doubt it is *rare*. It certainly is not *well done*."

"Sam, how many logs have you sawed, eh?" "Why, ma'am, when I've got this and three others done I'll have sawed four."

When do appearances lead you to suppose that a man runs the risk of being burned to death?—When he smokes.

What invitation would be dangerous and disloyal to a soldier?—One asking him to dinner and dessert.

"Once on a time," says history, "a Scotch pedestrian was attacked by three thieves. He defended himself well, but was overcome, when the thieves, much to their astonishment, found that he owned only the small sum of sixpence. 'The de'il's in the fellow,' said one, 'to fight thus for a sixpence. Why, if he'd a shilling he'd ha' killed us all.'"

When is a solicitor like a deed?—When he's engrossed.

The man who "couldn't stand it any longer" has taken a seat, and now feels quite comfortable.

Old Deacon Sharp never told a lie; but he used to relate this: He was standing one day before a frog-pond, and saw a large garter-snake make an attack upon an enormous bull-frog. The snake seized on the frog's hind-legs, and the frog, to be on a par with his snakeship, caught him by the tail, and both commenced swallowing one another, and continued this carnivorous operation until nothing was left of them.

Josh Billings says: "When a man ain't good for any thing else, I like tew see him carry a gold-headed cane. If he can't buy a cane, let him part his hair in the middle."

USED UP—When it rains, an umbrella.

Some of the questions proposed for discussion at a meeting of a Western debating club were these: "Is it necersary that females shud receve a thurry literary education? Ort females to take part in polytix?"

In a case of assault and battery, where a stone had been thrown by the defendant, the following clear and conclusive evidence was drawn out of a Yorkshire man: "Did you see the defendant throw the stone?" "I saw a stone, and I's pretty sure the defendant throwed it." "Was it a large stone?" "I should say it wur a largish stone." "What was its size?" "I should say a sizeable stone." "Can't you answer definitely how big it was?" "I should say it wur a stone of some bigness." "Can you give the jury some idea of the stone?" "Why, as near as I recollect, it wur something of a stone." "Can't you compare it to some other object?" "Why, if I wur to compare it, so as to give some notion of the stone, I should say it wur as large as a lump of chalk!"

An Irish student was once asked what was meant by posthumous works. "They are such works," says Paddy, "as a man writes after he is dead."

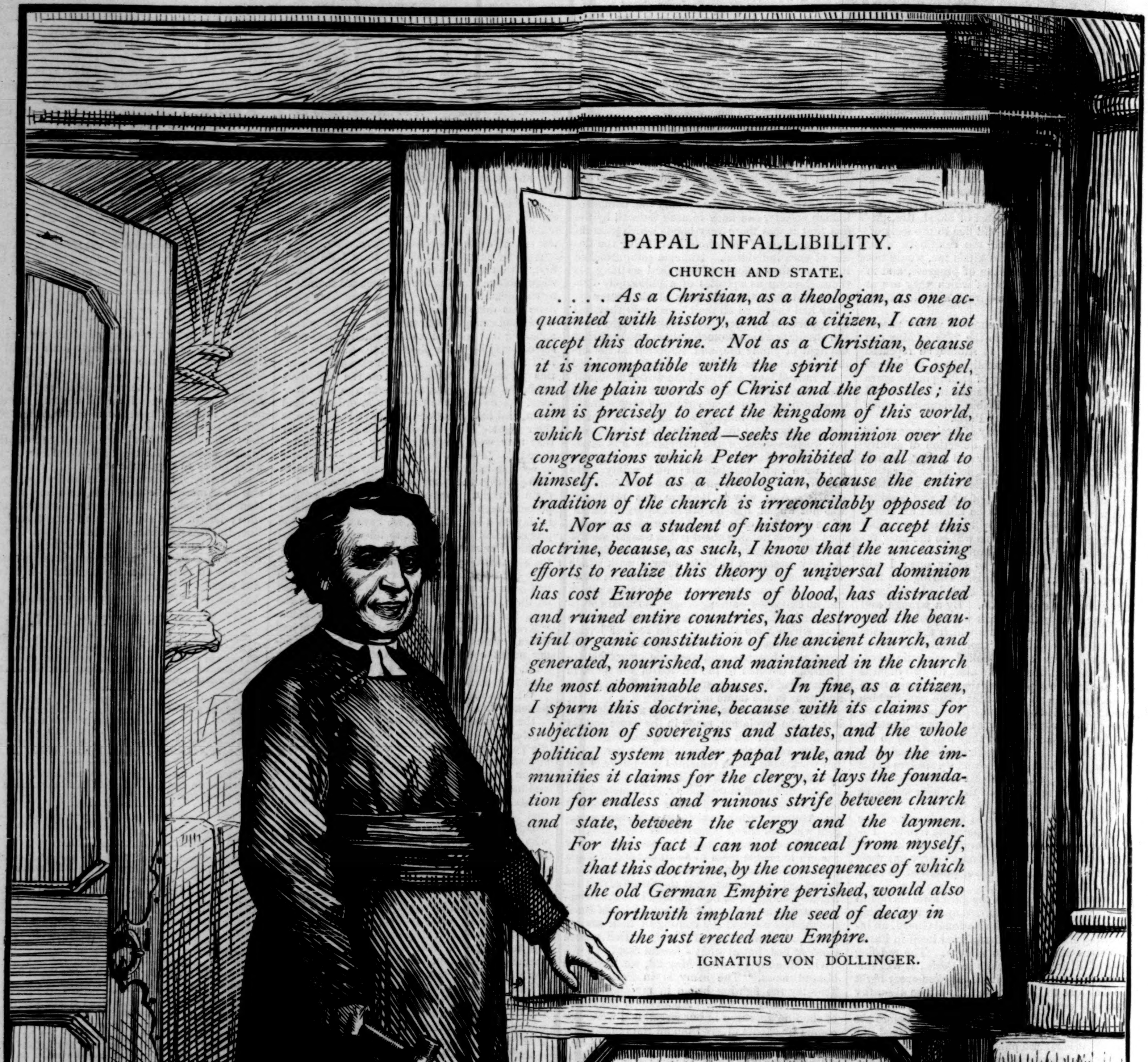
A SPOTTED ADDER—The book-keeper watched by a detective.

A Western exchange varies the monotonous style of its list of marriages by presenting it in this novel way:

MISTAKEN SOULS WHO DREAM OF BLISS.

Popper.	*Poppee.*
John S. M. Orm	Candall J. Culbertson.
James Cullen	Annie Murphy.
Jacob Stagner	Josefa Becoar.

Sheriff Hall, of Pittsfield, was about to commit a prisoner to the lock-up the other day, and had just unlocked the door, when the prisoner ran away. The sheriff started in pursuit, taking no notice of a boy in the lock-up. The lad, seeing the door open, thought he might as well leave as to be hanging around there, and away he started. Hall, however, was too nimble for the boy, and when he felt the iron grip of the sheriff on his collar he wilted at once. "What are you doing out here, you young rascal?" said the sheriff. "Doing! doing!" said the boy, trembling with fright at the stern officer; "I hain't doing nothing. I come out to help you catch that fellow. Which way has he gone?"



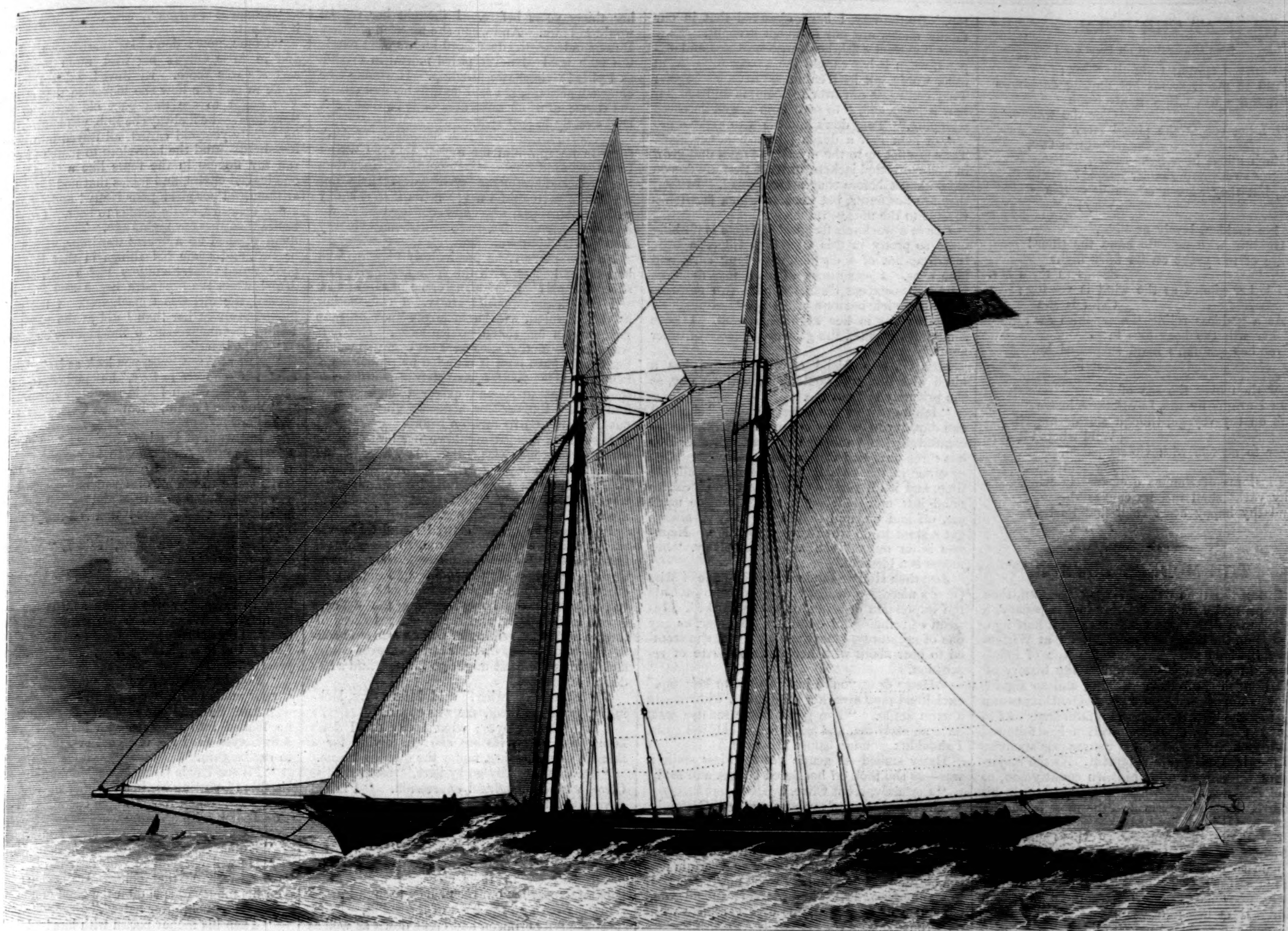
PAPAL INFALLIBILITY.

CHURCH AND STATE.

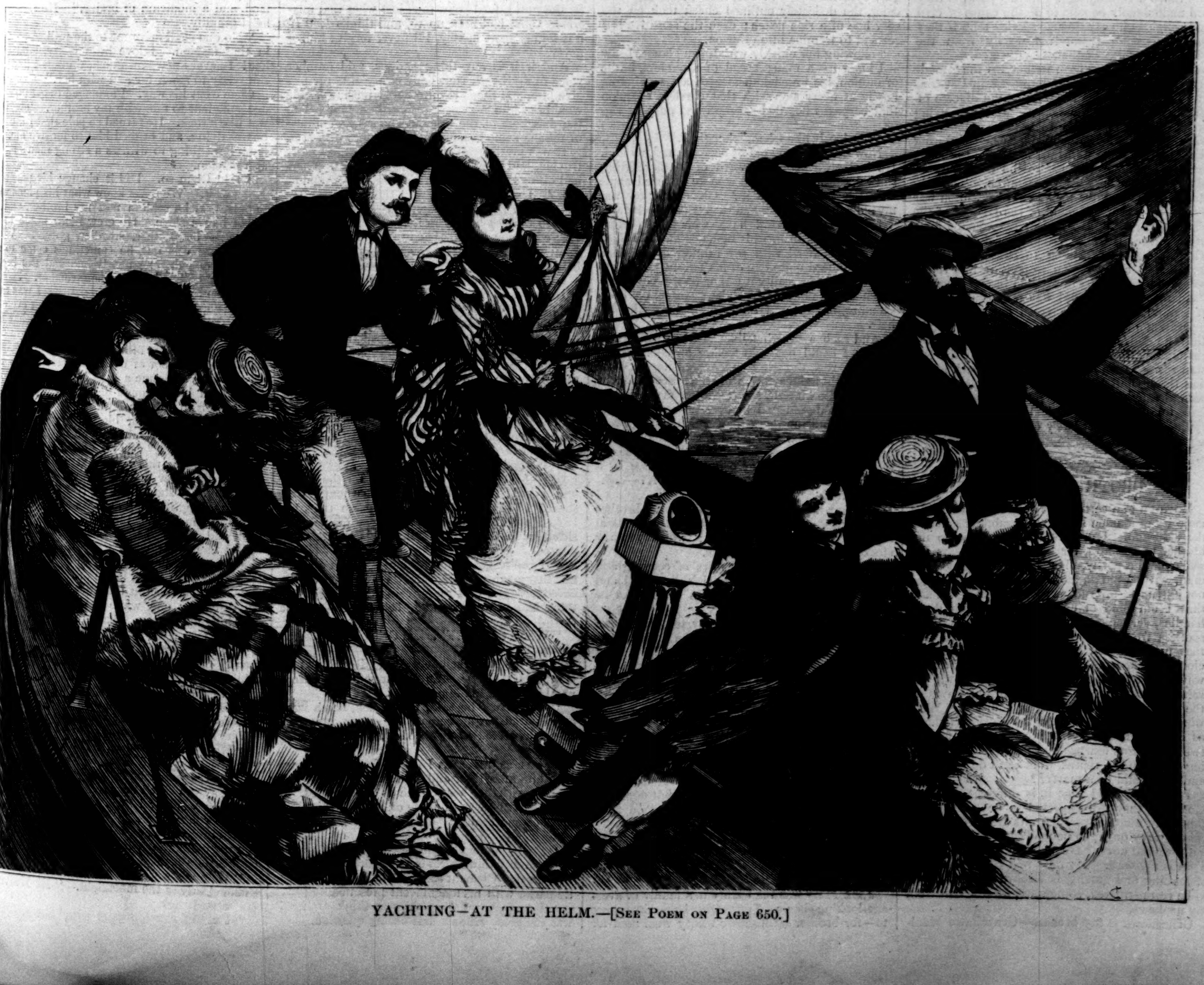
. . . . As a Christian, as a theologian, as one acquainted with history, and as a citizen, I can not accept this doctrine. Not as a Christian, because it is incompatible with the spirit of the Gospel, and the plain words of Christ and the apostles; its aim is precisely to erect the kingdom of this world, which Christ declined—seeks the dominion over the congregations which Peter prohibited to all and to himself. Not as a theologian, because the entire tradition of the church is irreconcilably opposed to it. Nor as a student of history can I accept this doctrine, because, as such, I know that the unceasing efforts to realize this theory of universal dominion has cost Europe torrents of blood, has distracted and ruined entire countries, has destroyed the beautiful organic constitution of the ancient church, and generated, nourished, and maintained in the church the most abominable abuses. In fine, as a citizen, I spurn this doctrine, because with its claims for subjection of sovereigns and states, and the whole political system under papal rule, and by the immunities it claims for the clergy, it lays the foundation for endless and ruinous strife between church and state, between the clergy and the laymen. For this fact I can not conceal from myself, that this doctrine, by the consequences of which the old German Empire perished, would also forthwith implant the seed of decay in the just erected new Empire.

IGNATIUS VON DÖLLINGER.

THE LUTHER OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—[SEE PAGE 650.]



THE "LIVONIA."—[See Page 647.]



YACHTING—AT THE HELM.—[See Poem on Page 650.]

AT THE HELM.

[See Illustration on Page 649.]

APHRODITE sprang from the foam;
And to me it seems her darling daughters
Fairest are when they gayly roam
O'er the waters.
Did I not see at the placid ferry
Beauties two,
Each afloat in a light canoe,
Dainty sweet and slender supple?
Ah, but they were a charming couple—
Very!

Lo! a maiden, lovely as light,
Guiding with delicate hand the tiller!
Pulse of the yacht on its fairy flight
Seems to thrill her.
Quick her glance as the wind is veering;
Calm is she
As a goddess ruling the sapphire sea:
At her will the boat flies faster—
Never has seaman's hand surpassed her
Steering.

Steer thou over the sea of life,
Led aright by the Love-Star's lustre
Safe on thy voyage, though storms are rife,
Wild winds bluster:
Steer to an isle with violets paven,
Ivy and vine,
Blossoms of Paphos drenched in wine.
Thy yacht shall furl its canvas slowly,
And thy happy heart shall find its holy
Haven.

THE MODERN LUTHER.

SINCE the time when MARTIN LUTHER, then a monk and a devout believer in the papacy, a little more than three centuries and a half ago, posted on the doors of Schlosskirche, at Wittenberg, his bold protest against the sale of indulgences, nothing has occurred in the history of the Romish Church so startling and so significant as the outspoken protest of Dr. DÖLLINGER against the doctrine of papal infallibility. As in LUTHER'S case, excommunication has followed swiftly on the heels of this courageous exercise of the right of private judgment. As the majority of Catholics among his own countrymen, as well as the court of Bavaria, sustain him in his course, the step may lead to the most important results. It is hardly to be expected, in view of Dr. DÖLLINGER'S well-known views and antecedents, that he will avow himself a Protestant. To do so would be to run counter to a public life of half a century, upon the honesty and sincerity of which no one has ventured to cast a slur. It is more probable that he and those learned and zealous men who think and act with him in Bavaria and Austria will assume the independent attitude taken by the Catholic clergy of France a century ago. In this position they will undoubtedly be able to do the cause of civil and religious liberty greater service than if they should separate themselves wholly from the Church and faith of their countrymen.

The man who has been well styled the "modern LUTHER" was born at Bamberg, in Bavaria, in 1799, and became chaplain to the diocese of Bamberg almost immediately after receiving priest's orders in 1822. In 1826 he published a work on "The Doctrine of the Eucharist during the First Three Centuries," and was the same year invited to lecture before the University of Munich on the history of the Church. The substance of his lectures before that institution was published in his "Manual of the History of the Church," in 1828, and in a more extended form in his "Treatise on the History of the Church," which appeared in 1838. In 1845 M. DÖLLINGER turned his attention to politics, and represented the University of Munich in the Bavarian Parliament, and in 1851 was a delegate to that of Frankfort, where he voted for the absolute separation of the Church from the state. In 1861 he delivered some lectures advocating the abandonment of the temporal power by the Roman see. These lectures attracted much attention throughout Europe. His recent acts have been already referred to. The University of Oxford, in testimony of his zeal in the cause of religious freedom, has lately conferred on him the degree of D.C.L.

MY BROTHER GRIMSHAWE.

BOYS up to a certain age are a nuisance. The majority of maiden ladies will doubtless sanction the assertion. I am not referring now to my brother Grimshawe, for he is twelve years my senior, and a portly, elderly, respectable gentleman. But I am an aunt; and if that fact does not extenuate my rudeness of speech, I will add that I am fond of clean floors, shining door-handles, scrupulous hearths, unrumpled tidies, spotless front steps, and a mannerly cat; but that my wishes in these respects are most viciously set at naught by a troop of boys, all the way from two to twenty, who pour in over my spinster premises, sometimes, like the waves of the ocean, and seem to think I like it. Well, what can I do? The boys are glorious fellows, as fond of dirt, with the exception of a few betweenities from fourteen to whiskers, as a scratching hen; and, I repeat, what can I do but smile, and smile, and be a martyr?

I have observed that it is different with the mothers; they are expected to be cross, sometimes, but aunts never. Aunts are all kisses and cakes; they ought to be made up of needles and buttons, and never have any children of their own. That is my case. My only real care in the way of tending and nursing is Tabby. Even she has to be reconstructed, sometimes, after a visit from my nephews.

Grimshawe is my brother—Grimshawe Moultop. By-the-way, I have observed that in our family uncles are not of much account. They seldom extract a fish-hook with neatness and dispatch when it has caught the wrong fish—or, in other words, got itself entangled in Bob's fingers. They can't just run over to mamma and tell her how it happened, "to save Tom a well-deserved whipping." They don't know how to make a jib-sail, or hem half a dozen pocket-handkerchiefs. They are not up to the mystery of tears that grow in well-cultivated jackets, or rents that are due on seats almost before they are occupied. In fact, they are not aunts, but uncles—which fact is favorable to the uncles, rather.

I have a weakness for girls. There is nothing quite so pretty in this wicked world as a little touch-me-not of a darling, with long curls and blue eyes. I sometimes wish all my nephews were girls—except Clem. I have two relatives of that gender, but one of them is teething, and the other sits in her high chair still. I have sometimes coveted the grown-up nieces of other aunts.

Miss Olive, a friend of mine, always has a niece with her, and wouldn't be without one, so she privately informs me.

"It's a great convenience, my dear," she said one day, "you can put 'em in your old clothes so comfortably, and nobody the wiser. Brother Bob has three girls, and Bob is poor, you know. One or other of the girls is with me nearly all the time, and it's a saving to Bob. I don't call to mind just now how many quilts they've made me, off and on, and they know they've always got a stent to do when they come here. Nephews is an outgo," she added, pensively, "but nieces is a blessing."

Just then Hetty Saunders came in—one of Miss Olive's nieces—a delicate quiet girl, who gave me the impression of being too hardly worked. Instead of bringing all out-doors with her, as any one of my sturdy, breezy nephews will, she seemed to bear about with her an atmosphere of repression.

"Hetty dear, you're just in time to help me," exclaimed my Olive, her thin mouth widening to a grim smile. "I've got a frame set up; we'll have an early tea, and get through half the quilt, I shouldn't wonder, before bed-time."

Hetty smiled—a gentle yet spiritless smile it was—as she took off her faded bonnet and said,

"Certainly, Aunt Olive."

The idea of one of my boys saying "Certainly, Aunt Sue," with that lackadaisical face! It's always, "No you don't!" or "I'm off fishing!" or "Shoo fly, don't bodder me!" when *I* propose a light or useful job. But then—give a certain person his due—I often find my wood nicely chopped, or an unexpected treat in my larder; and no grand excursion or home-party is ever complete without Aunt Sue.

I was watching Hetty's face, curiously, when all at once I saw it light into positive beauty. The gray eyes flashed, and deepened in warmth and color, the delicately outlined cheek took on the rosy hue of a ripe peach; even the sensitive lips seemed to tremble into crimson.

Following her quickly withdrawn glance, I saw —I knew it—a man; broad of shoulders, blithe of motion, his broadcloth-incased arms swinging lustily at every step with that careless abandon that bespeaks hoarded strength and unspent vigor.

"Curiously like Clem," thought I.

Now Clem was my oldest nephew, and my idol. He had always been a ward of brother Grimshawe's—who I wish had a more civilized name —but how can I help it? Clem's mother was my oldest sister. She had died when the lad was a baby. Poor fellow! he lost his father before he had learned to lisp his name. Though Clem had always lived with my brother James, and seemed indeed quite one of his family, yet brother Grim was in reality a father to the boy, inasmuch as he paid all his bills, gave him all his spending-money, and intended making him his heir.

And such a superb fellow as Clem was, to be sure! I could not help feeling prouder of him than the rest, though I endeavored not to show it. Straight as an arrow, with the grace and inches of Apollo himself, his sparkling face already browned and goldened by a charming growth of whiskers, and the more than shadow of a lovely mustache, I often wondered for what pure and beautiful creature my idol was destined, speculating upon his chance of being led captive by a fright, or a dowdy, or a—shall I say it?—fashionable fool.

Clement had already disappointed my brother Grimshawe. Grim said, "Be a doctor." Clem replied, "I prefer the law, Sir;" whereupon the stocky old gentleman's ire rose.

But Clem conquered, in spite of coaxing and threats. He wanted his uncle's good-will and money; there could be no doubt of that, for he never made a secret of it.

I could not count up the coveted treasures I was to have when Clem should be a rich man. But I am wandering from my subject.

Was it Clem whose glance caused such a flutter and color in Miss Olive's pale, pretty niece?

"Don't get enough to eat at home, my dear, I'm afraid," whispered Miss Olive, in the midst of my musings. "Her father was always a dreadful ne'er-do-well. *We* never wanted Lina Mary to marry him. Lina Mary was the flower of our little flock, my dear—*you* know that; pretty as a picture—now wasn't she? Hetty would look just as she used to, if she was kept decently. Thank heaven! she always finds a good table here."

"And earns her board," thought I, as the delicate girl bent over the parti-colored fabric, for Miss Olive always had quilt "set up!"

Miss Olive had said truly.

Lina Mary was the beauty in a family of average-looking sisters. I remember her—have cause to—for brother Grimshawe nearly went mad for her thirty years before. I thought her refusal would kill him. And when she married shiftless Bob Saunders—the dear Lord knows what magic the man used—I never pitied mortal in my life as I pitied Grimshawe Moultop. It wouldn't be believed, perhaps, if I said he tore his hair out by the roots; and the queerness of it is, that he is bald exactly in that spot.

Of course Grim hated Bob Saunders. I don't suppose he saw him for a year that he wasn't tempted to kill him. His name never since then has "touched his tongue," as my latest "help" has a habit of saying; he never hears it to this day without shutting his lips and growing white; for he always thought that in some dishonorable way Bob had tricked him.

Now wouldn't it be particularly nice if Clem had fallen in love with this little faded girl, and she with him? It made me creep to think of it.

I was sitting opposite Hetty. I can see her at this moment, with a little top-knot of blue gleaming in her silken, golden locks. Her hair was like her mother's, so were her eyes; so would her cheeks have been if rounded by proper nourishment. Her fingers were flying, her delicate lips, eloquent in silence, quivered slightly now and then. I never saw a needle glitter in and out so swiftly on its mission before.

Miss Olive was getting down her best china—seventy years old, with a thin, filmy line of gold like a hazy sunbeam circling the rare porcelain rim, a shadow of blue melting into it. She always used that particular set out of compliment to me when I took tea with her.

Presently the quaint clawed round table was ready, and pretty enough, too, to be painted. Catch the flickering red of the western sun playing through the vines at the window, and rippling all over the snow-white table-cloth, touching the silver, goldening the honey, making the delicate brown loaf daintier, and the broad red slices of tongue with their veining of white seem too beautiful to be disturbed on their bed of rare old china, and I think an artist might go far and find a less desirable subject.

"That makes twice!" said Miss Olive, looking up from the bread she was cutting.

I followed her eyes; what Hetty did I don't know, but in an instant she was diving for a thimble or something, under the quilting-frame.

"He don't usually go by here," resumed Miss Olive, with a thoughtful expression. "I might have called him in."

"Who?" I queried.

"Why, Clem—your nephew."

"Oh!" and I looked at Miss Hetty with my eyes beyond her. You can see people without gazing directly in their faces. I know every trick of expression our rector has, though I mostly fix my gaze on the back of the pulpit.

That pretty crimson had crept down as well as up, and the throat, on each side of the threadbare velvet ribbon, the chin and cheeks, were crimson. I wouldn't have met that girl's eyes for the world, for I knew then just what that miserable Clem had been up to, and thinks I, "If it is for his sport merely, I'll never forgive him—never."

And if it is any thing serious, said another voice in my heart, somebody else will never forgive him, and that's my brother Grimshawe. He would see him a beggar rather than married to the daughter of the woman who refused him—of the man who boasted and triumphed over him.

It was pretty evident that I might expect more trouble, and all along of having nephews. Clem had always come to me in his troubles; would he now? I studied the girl as I thought.

Freedom from care, ease, and plenty would be sure to develop beauty in her of no mean order. Her education had not been totally neglected, as I knew from the little conversation that passed between us.

"She has taught herself music," said Miss Olive, with a touch of genuine pride, "and I let her practice on my old piano.—Hetty, my dear, give us a song before Miss Sue goes home."

"Hetty my dear" played and sang. She had a voice that set all the dumb power in me vibrating; the sweetest song she sang made me turn away my head and cry.

You see, I have my tender memories now and then—but *he* died and was buried years ago—years ago. Grim and I have constant hearts; we can love but once—only once and forever.

Curiously enough, it happened as Miss Hetty and I stood on the door-step of Miss Olive's house—I feeling a new tenderness for the child, and a little savage toward Clem—though why should I?—brother Grimshawe came up. He looked at Miss Hetty, and then at me, and he shrugged his shoulders a little as his countenance altered.

"If you're going home," said he, with a sharp nod that meant, "I'll go along too!" So we parted—Hetty and I; I rather think there was something like an understanding between us—a little fearful, on her part.

"Who's that girl?" asked Grim, as he stalked along.

"A—a—Miss Saunders;" and I couldn't possibly keep my voice straight; it seemed to drop, word by word, to the pavement.

"Saunders!" he said, in a quick, harsh way, and I dared not look up at the strong, gray face that I had seen so distorted with suffering long ago.

It was as much as I could do to keep pace with him after that, and he struck the walk vigorously with his heavy cane as he marched. I knew what he was thinking of, and how his stern mouth was working; he wasn't one that could forget.

"Poor Clement!" thought I; that is, should there be any thing serious.

Next day Clement came in, half filling my little parlor with his magnificent presence.

"I say, aunty, what do you think of her?" was the saucy fellow's first daring question.

"Clement Morgan! who?" I was almost indignant.

"Come, now; don't play incredulous. I saw you in Miss Olive's big west room yesterday, and *she* was there. By Jove! I'd a mind to come in and see how she looked in that setting. You ought to see that poor old parlor of Bob Saunders's—he'll always be Bob, you know—with its twenty-year-old carpet, all frayed into suffering shreds—and the hair-cloth to match (I often run my fingers in the rents like a child), with one-legged chairs, and tables that nod if you look at them. Poor girl! poor Hetty! and, by Jove! a fine creature, and a genius to boot. I took her to the theatre a few nights ago. The girls among them scraped up a decent wardrobe, with a ring or two, and some old things in that line that poor faded Mrs. Saunders had saved, and, by Jove! when the orchestra began and fairy-land opened, the girl was transfigured. I tell you I looked more at her than I did at the play; and I think it—ahem—sort o' finished the business."

"Oh, Clem!"

"Best of Aunt Sues, you look as lackadaisical now as if *you* were in love," he laughed, trying to tap my chin, which I held resolutely down.

"You *don't* mean, Clem—oh dear, your uncle Grimshawe!"

"And what of Uncle Grimshawe? I'm not a piece of putty, Aunt Sue, to be shaped by him, kind as he is. Good gracious!" he drew back. "It's come to me all of a sudden—Uncle Grim was disappointed in love — and — Bob Saunders married—*her*. By Jove! that *is* a fix," he soliloquized.

"She is poor, you know," said I, "and there are *so* many of them."

"Hang all but her!" said Clem, sharply. "If she marries me, I'll cut every one. She don't belong to them, any way; she's a little fine lady by herself. Why, to see the dainty ways she has, and the delicate perceptions—well, but—good Lord! I'm in a quandary now," he groaned, desperately.

"You had better give her up, Clem," said I; "your uncle will never consent."

"Aunt Sue, did you ever love any body?" and he looked into my face with his great, tender, brown eyes till I felt one coal of fire, and mean in the bargain.

"I'll see Uncle Grimshawe Moultop in—Russia first!" putting his lips together in his uncle's own way; "and if you weren't here, Aunt Sue, I'd swear it with a strong word or two."

"He will never, never consent," I said.

"He be—blessed!" growled Clem, angrily.

"He will cut you off, my dear boy. I *know* how he feels on that point. He couldn't leave you his money to spend on the child of a man he hates with such bitter hatred."

"Then his money perish with him! I'll marry her if I have to live on patched ingrain and hair-cloth, and support the whole thriftless lot. So now you tell him so. I've strong hands, thank God, and a modicum of brains." He raised his head grandly.

"No one shall drive me to the wall, Aunt Sue, in that fashion. I love little Hetty, God bless her! I never knew how much, till now I find myself ready to suffer for and with her."

Clem went his way. I managed to get up courage sufficient to talk with my brother. The man was like a rock. He turned so pale that I thought he was dying, and begged him to forgive me. It is no light thing to witness a strong man's agony and passion.

I told Clem so. Did it change his purpose? Not a whit. We never knew what his plans were —only that he seldom met my brother, and he toiled like a slave. He grew more noble in his bearing — handsomer, steadier, graver. When Grimshawe was out, he sometimes came to see me, and one day he nearly knocked the breath out of my body with an announcement.

"Keep my secret, dear old aunty; I was married yesterday. Nobody knows it—not even the girls. You see, I was afraid, somehow, that Uncle Grim might come between us. We are both mum. She's at her father's—I'm home. There, now! there's proof of my confidence in the best of aunties. Give me a kiss."

I kissed him, though I had hardly strength enough left to do even that.

"You dear, willful, blessed, wicked boy!" I sobbed. "You've ruined yourself."

"We shall see," was his reply.

It was about this time that the people were startled by a new and successful crime—that of garroting. I shuddered every time Grim went out after nightfall, because he always carried a deal of money about him, confiding in his burly form and great strength for protection.

But one night, when there was a sweet, soft moonlight too, he happened to be in a peculiarly secluded street, and a brace of ruffians met him. Quicker than thought the knot was twisted into his throat by one, while the other commenced searching his pockets. Suddenly a woman's voice sounded near.

"Let that gentleman alone, or you are dead men!" Startled, they looked up. A small, shining revolver pointed by a delicate hand stared them in the face. With the usual cowardice of thieves when confronted with real danger, the ruffians let their victim go and ran up the street.

The half-choked man regained his breath.

"My God!" he said, looking down—"and you saved my life!"

"I saved your money, Sir."

"I say you saved my life. Those scoundrels! But, you wonderful little woman that you are, why do you go armed?"

"I always do when I go out alone—and, to tell you the truth, the pistol isn't loaded. What difference does it make? They didn't know it."

"Who are you?" he asked, as the sweet face shone clearly in the moonlight. "By Heaven!" He started back.

"I'm Clement Morgan's wife," she said, clear and sweet, though her voice had a quiver in it. "Please forgive him; and we, Sir—we—we loved each other so much!"

"Aye, you did; great God! I believe you. Love him? why shouldn't you, and be happy, too? See here, little woman, tell Clement to bring you up to-morrow. He's a lucky dog, the rascal!"

It is needless to say how the matter terminated. Clem got his uncle's fortune, and his little wife became the light of the old man's eyes.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

San Domingo, fascinating as it has been represented in point of scenery and climate, seems to be not without some entomological objections as a place of summer resort. A recent writer feelingly calls upon inhabitants of temperate climes to congratulate themselves that winter kills off a portion of the insect tribe, which increase to a terrific extent in such a favorable latitude as Dominica. Exposure to mosquitoes there develops an apparent attack of scarlatina. The chigoe, a horrid insect of the flea family, pierces the skin of the toe beneath the nail, and therein deposits its eggs. No pain gives warning to the victim until the mischief is done. At length comes a slight itching; then a red spot, which increases to a tumor. If the insect, which is itself buried under the skin, can be extracted, no further harm follows; but if not, a whole colony of chigoes will be developed in the foot, making dwellings for themselves beneath the skin, and often causing such suffering that amputation is necessary. Deliver us from the chigoe! Then there are ticks which cling tenaciously to the flesh; scorpions which attack ferociously, though not fatally; centipedes, hideous with multitudinous arms and legs; the giant tarantula; cockroaches from one to three inches long; ants whose ravages will undermine a house; and other similar pests, which are sufficient to prevent this far-famed island from being exactly a terrestrial paradise. There are compensations for all these things; but it is well enough to understand the matter thoroughly before we migrate to San Domingo.

The gown which the Archbishop of Paris wore at his execution has been cut into small pieces, and distributed among the Parisian clergy. A portion of it was deposited in Notre Dame, where there are also relics of Archbishops Affre and Sibour.

The chalet which was occupied by the late M. De Lamartine, now the property of his niece, is said to be the only building standing in Passy. It was spared, though all surrounding buildings have been destroyed.

The stores of wine in Paris were carefully estimated by the Parisians at the commencement of the siege. At its close it was found that the wine had been consumed at the enormous rate of nearly eight million gallons per month. Under the reign of the Commune the consumption was even larger.

According to the classified returns at the Census Bureau, New York city has a population of 942,293, of whom 13,093 are colored. Of foreign white citizens, 201,999 were born in Ireland and 80,494 in Germany.

The Saratogans are as wide awake as to their interest in the "season" as the hotel-keepers themselves are. Since last summer about two hundred new houses have been built in the town, a new town-hall is nearly completed, and they have gone so far as to lay the corner-stone of a new church.

The new drive at Newport, leading around Miantonomi Hill to Coddington's Cove, is three miles in length and sixty feet wide. By this road a new tract of country has been brought into notice, and more villa lots brought into market.

This year June 4 was the Fourth of July of Italy—the great national holiday. Twenty-three years ago Charles Albert, of Piedmont, gave to the kingdom now called Italian the Statute of the Constitution, and in 1861 a law was passed establishing a national holiday in honor of the statute and union of Italy, which holiday was to take place the first Sunday of June in every year. This was celebrated in Rome for the first time this year. Military reviews formed the chief feature of the day.

A West Point cadet is expected to be immaculately clean in respect to all his clothing. And surely there is no reason why he should not be so when his weekly allowance of white trowsers is twenty pairs, with a margin of five or ten extra pairs to fall back upon in case of accidents.

Heroism is found among the very children of France. A story is told of a boy of thirteen who was found fighting in Paris, and was about to be shot. He did not seem frightened, but, taking a silver watch from his pocket, said:

"Captain, do let me take this first to a friend across the street, I borrowed it."

"Oh, you scamp!" said the officer. "I understand—you want to run off."

"My word of honor, I will come back again," said the boy; and the captain, seeing it was a child, was only too glad to be rid of him. In ten minutes the boy came back, and took his stand with his face to the wall. "Here I am—fire!"

Does Roman history tell us any thing braver? The captain boxed the little hero's ears, and ordered him never to show his face there again. They could not fire on him.

In the interesting memoirs of Charles Mayne Young, the tragedian, we find this entry: "July 26, 1849.—Went to a bazar at Lady Susan Harcourt's. The Queen and the Prince Consort were there. Heard a charming story of one of the royal children, which I hope is true. When last the Queen was about to be confined, the Prince Consort said to one of his little boys, 'I think it very likely, my dear, that the Queen will soon present you with a little brother or sister. Which of the two would you prefer?' The child, pausing—'Well, I think, if it is the same to mamma, I should prefer a pony!'"

It is too probable that many innocent people suffered in the summary executions that followed the entry of the regular troops into Paris. A newspaper correspondent relates this incident: A few days after the overthrow of the Commune, a member of the National Assembly had the curiosity to go to see some of the female captives of Paris confined at Versailles. Shortly after entering a yard in which two or three hundred of them were assembled, one of them, in dirty garments, caught him by the arm, and cried, "You shall not leave me, M. ——." He tried to shake her off, but she clung tighter, and said, "Do not leave me, for God's sake! Look at me!" He looked at her, and exclaimed, in astonishment, "Gracious Heavens! Madame ——. You here?" He recognized in her a friend, a lady of wealth in Paris. She burst into tears and told her tale. On Thursday, the 25th of May, fighting having ceased in her *quartier*, she went out, and called at the shop of a dyer to inquire about some things she had given to be dyed. On leaving, she found herself among several women who were flying before a band of soldiers, crying, "Stop them, they are *pétroleuses!*" The women were surrounded, and she with them; and she, in spite of her earnest remonstrances, was with them and many others sent to Versailles. They were made to go on foot, and what she suffered from fatigue and thirst and agony of mind no one, she says, can imagine. At Versailles all her efforts to communicate with her friends and family were vain, for no one would believe that she was a lady and not an incendiary. The M.P. of course hastened to get her released. But for him she might have been sent with her fellow-prisoners to a penitentiary colony, or, like some of them, shot.

At the White Mountains workmen are putting together a new mountain locomotive, called the "Atlas," and new cars are being fitted up for the coming season.

The diary and note-books of Nathaniel Hawthorne contain frequent laments against the necessity of solitary dinners. For instance: "I am ashamed to eat alone. It becomes the mere gratification of animal appetite—the tribute which we are compelled to pay to our grosser nature; whereas, in the company of another, it is refined and moralized and spiritualized, and over our earthly victuals is diffused a sauce of lofty and tender thoughts, and tough meat is mollified with tender feelings. But oh! these solitary meals are the dismalest part of my present experience." Yet on other pages of his journal he appears to regard "dining out" as a necessity from which he is happy to escape. But he declares that between dining out and dining alone there was to him a golden mean, and that was the home companionship of one, or even two, all to himself and all his own. On the other hand, Charles Lamb, as a dyspeptic, wrote feelingly: "We can not concoct our food with interruptions. Our chief meal, to be nutritive, must be solitary. With difficulty we can eat before a guest, and never understood what the relish of public feasting meant. Meats have no savor, nor digestion fair play, in a crowd. The unexpected coming in of a visitant stops the machine."

Newburyport, Massachusetts, lays claim to a resident most commendably economical, but sadly deficient in the elements of mathematical science. The other day he applied at the post-office for ten cents' worth of six-cent postage stamps, and when told that he must pay two cents more if he wanted two, he looked disappointed, and replied, "Well, I s'pose I must have 'em, anyhow; but seems to me they're dreadful dear."

There is nothing like fitness of names. An editor at Wild Cat, Arkansas, has named his new paper the *Evening Caterwaul.*

A movement is being made by the undertakers of London to abolish funerals on Sunday. The matter has been brought to the attention of the trustees of the various metropolitan cemeteries by a committee representing all branches of trade. The object in view is twofold—to prevent the indecorous scenes which now frequently occur on the roads to and from the cemeteries, and to secure a day of rest to a large class of people who are now compelled to labor on Sunday.

From the eleventh annual report of the Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction, in this city, we learn something of the ambulance system established in 1869. Six ambulances have been provided, and, under the rules established, horses stand harnessed day and night, ready to be attached, for the conveyance of persons wounded or taken ill in the public streets. The ambulances are equipped with surgical instruments, bandages, restoratives, etc.; and on notice by telegraph from a police station of the occurrence of a casualty, an ambulance is dispatched, in charge of a surgeon, who applies such remedies as may be required, and determines, from the condition of the patient, whether he may be safely removed to his home, or to Bellevue, or to the Reception Hospital. During the past year there have been 1401 patients thus removed, of whom 1066 were received from the several police precinct stations, 297 transferred from the Reception Hospital to Bellevue Hospital, and thirty-eight from private residences.

The following account of the destruction of a great library is given in *Galignani:* "When the insurgents who burned down the library of the Louvre arrived to perform their odious task they ordered the concierge to spread the petroleum about. He refused, saying that he preferred to be shot to destroying the riches confided to his care, and he was supported in his declaration by his wife. The wretches then locked the two up in their lodge, and then set the building on fire. However, the porter afterward contrived to force the lock and escaped. The library was entirely consumed. More than a hundred thousand volumes were destroyed, comprising manuscripts, historical documents, rare editions, missals still more precious—all the French or foreign works presented to the Louvre or the Tuileries, or for which the court had subscribed—port-folios of engravings, collections of photographs of the various public or private galleries, and other works of great value."

A correspondent of the *Evening Post* recommends those who desire to flee from the city during the heats of summer to take refuge on Cape Cod, where board ranges from three to six dollars a week, where there is an abundance of fish, flesh, fowl, and vegetables, a smooth, sandy beach, and sweet pine groves. Milk, to be sure, "is eight cents a quart, but 'tis cream." The writer believes in telling both sides of a story—so he candidly says: "There are fleas here; I've just caught a fine fat fellow, smaller than an ox, but perhaps large enough to make a pair of India rubber boots for Titania. That is only one, and they never appear in larger force, as they do in some far more expensive places. There are also mosquitoes here—the mild, reasonable sort—not the striped and furred fellows they have in the scrub-oak swamps and the beautiful city of Vineland. Any body who could stand the ticks and mosquitoes of Vineland three days could stand all there are on Cape Cod for forty years, though these bite a little; and, what is worse, they sing, being, as Artemus Ward has it, 'cheerful little cusses.'"

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

We have kept our readers informed, from time to time, of the progress of the very laudable experiment, on the part of some gentlemen in Philadelphia, with reference to the stocking of the Delaware River with salmon, the indications of success at the last accounts having become quite favorable. We regret to learn, however, that, owing to an unanticipated casualty, the greater number of the fry were destroyed, leaving scarcely enough to test the question the present season. The eggs, as anticipated, were hatched out successfully, and on the 27th of May were placed in cans, to be transported to the Delaware River from the hatching-house of Mr. Christie, on the Hudson. It is supposed that some foreign substance in the cans imparted noxious qualities to the water, as by the time they reached the Bushkill, the tributary of the Delaware, in which they were to be placed, only about two thousand survived. Those were placed in the water, and it is possible that something may be heard from them. The gentlemen concerned in the effort, however, we understand, intend to renew the trial another season, and we hope with more satisfactory results.

A report upon the geology of Jamaica, by Mr. James G. Sawkins, has recently been published by the British government, and, in the interest attaching to the West Indies at the present time, furnishes an important addition to our means of obtaining a thorough acquaintance with that region. The physical geology and the special structure of the island are given in considerable detail in this work, which is accompanied by a large map of the island, suitably colored, to show the different geological formations. Several appendices are given in the volume, one of them being a complete classification of the organic remains of the island, by Mr. Etheridge, who refers them respectively to their equivalents in the cretaceous and tertiary deposits of Europe. According to Sir Roderic Murchison, the practical conclusions to be reached from the report of Mr. Sawkins and the appendix of Mr. Etheridge are that, in Jamaica, as in most of the West India Islands, the principal geological deposits are almost exclusively of the miocene age of the tertiary series, the only exceptions being in Trinidad and Jamaica, where eocene and cretaceous formations occur. Hence it follows that the igneous rocks which are associated with such deposits are for the most part either of the miocene age or posterior to that era, some of them, indeed, having been recently erupted.

In a recent report of the governor of the province of Leon to the general government of Ecuador, it is stated that in February, 1869, noises were heard on the mountains of the Western Cordilleras in the vicinity of Cotopaxi, and that immense masses of earth and rock were thrown out, while springs of water burst forth in such quantity that the rivers were overflowed and much damage done, the phenomena being unaccompanied, however, by earthquakes. The climate, too, seemed to have become much hotter than previously, many kinds of plants having flowered that had never done so before, and the sugar-cane being fit to cut in twenty-four months instead of thirty. Since 1869 the springs have all dried up, and the volcano has become inactive; and from these indications it is feared that a new disturbance is breeding which may produce great damage on breaking out.

According to *Nature,* advices have been received from Dr. Hooker, at Mogadore, bringing the date of his journey down to April 26, at which time the party had visited Ceuta, Gibraltar, and Casa Blanco, without having met with any thing of special note.

Professor Leidy has lately announced to the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences the existence of some new fossil mammals from the tertiary formations of Wyoming Territory. One was a lower jaw, discovered by Dr. J. Van A. Carter in the vicinity of Fort Bridger. The animal to which it belonged was as large as a hog, but was more nearly allied to the rhinoceros or tapirs. It was especially remarkable for the possession of a large pair of front teeth, resembling, both in form and construction, the incisors of the beaver. The name proposed for it was *Trogurus castoroideus,* or the beaver-toothed gnawing-hog. Another of the fossils indicates a carnivorous animal, a contemporary of the former, and about the size of the gray fox. The animal was related to the weasel and canine families, and was called *Sinopa rapax,* the former name being that applied by the Blackfeet Indians to a small fox.

Professor Leidy also exhibited photographs of the lower jaw of the American mastodon, recently received from Professor W. C. Kerr, State Geologist of North Carolina. The jaw was found in Lenoir County of that State. It belonged to a mature male, and was of special interest from its retaining both tusks, as well as the molar teeth.

In a recent communication to the Academy of Natural Sciences, by Professor Leidy, attention was invited to certain teeth of fossil mammals, forwarded to him for examination by Professor Whitney. One of these was a fragment belonging to the *Mastodon americanus,* obtained from a depth of eighty feet beneath the basaltic lava of Table Mountain, Tuolumne County, California, where it was found associated with the remains of human art. There was also a molar of a large fossil horse, found sixteen feet below the surface on Gordon Gulch. Two other teeth, somewhat similar in character, were determined as belonging to the species of *Protohippus.* In other specimens Dr. Leidy found evidences of the existence of a gigantic animal of the camel tribe, allied to the llama.

Among objects of great ethnological import are the aboriginal inscriptions or carvings upon rocks, which are met with in North America and elsewhere, and are sometimes of a very remarkable character. Ordinary copies of such inscriptions, unless they be photographs, are rarely of sufficient accuracy to be of much value; and those of our readers who are likely to come across such inscriptions may like to know a method by which an absolutely perfect fac-simile can be made. This process has been applied with much success in copying carvings in Egypt and other places, and it will be equally serviceable in our own country. For this purpose the inscription is to be first well cleaned from dust or mud by means of a hard, stiff brush; stout, unsized paper is then to be wetted rapidly, but uniformly, in a tub of water, and applied to the inscription, and forced into the irregularities by repeated and forcible strokes with a hard brush—an ordinary clothes-brush being as good as any for the purpose. If the stone be clear of dust the paper adheres, and, when dry, falls off, forming a perfect mould of the inscription. If the carving be deep or broad it is sometimes advisable to apply several sheets of paper, one after the other, brushing over the surface of one with glue or gum before applying the next, so as to obtain, when dry, a firm body. By making a plaster cast of the paper relief thus prepared a fac-simile of the inscription will be obtained.

Nothing strikes the visitor to San Francisco more forcibly than the high price of fish in that market, in view of their great abundance and variety in San Francisco Bay and vicinity. This is said, however, to be due to the existence of very powerful combinations among the fishermen, to maintain prices at such a figure as suits them best, and to prevent fish from coming into the market excepting under arrangements made by themselves. In the latest quotations of retail prices before us, flounders are given 20 cents a pound, soles 30 cents, turbot 40 cents, halibut 40 cents, and tomcod 18 cents. The lowest prices are 12 cents per pound for fresh salmon, 8 for smelts, 8 for anchovies, and 5 for sturgeon. The prices of other articles in that market appear to be more reasonable; as, for instance, 20 cents a pound for turkeys, 75 cents each for ducks, $3 per pair for geese, 25 cents each for rabbits, and 12 for squirrels. Clams are 50 cents per hundred, California butter 35 cents per pound, eggs 35 cents per dozen, California hams 18 cents per pound, and strawberries 4 to 10 cents per pound, etc.

The present year seems to be marked for a great deal of activity and enterprise in researches connected with the natural history and physics of the deep seas, especially on the coast of America. We have already referred to the enterprise proposed by the Coast Survey, of sending a steamer, especially adapted to this purpose, around Cape Horn to the California coast, on a ten-months' journey, to be accompanied by Professor Agassiz and Count Pourtalès, and a corps of assistants—all prepared to make observations and collections on the most perfect scale. The expense of the scientific work will, it is understood, to the amount of $15,000, be defrayed by Mr. Thayer (the same gentleman who supplied the funds for Professor Agassiz's expedition to Brazil), a sum which will probably enable Professor Agassiz to accomplish his object in the most perfect manner.

Professor Verrill and party, from Yale College, will also, it is expected, prosecute an exhaustive research into the deep-sea and littoral fauna of the Vineyard Sound and the adjacent waters, in connection with the inquiries of the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries relative to the decrease of the food fishes of our coast. Corresponding researches will also be carried on in the deeper waters of Lake Michigan, where, it may be remembered, the interesting discovery was made last year of crustaceans and fish of marine types at a depth of three hundred feet and over. The inquiries this year will be under the immediate direction of Dr. Stimpson and Mr. Milner, in a still deeper part of the lake, and it is not at all improbable that discoveries of the highest interest will be made.

In the Gulf of St. Lawrence Mr. J. F. Whiteaves, of Montreal, will, it is understood, continue the researches in which he has been engaged for two previous seasons in the way of dredging in the deep waters of the Lower St. Lawrence; and, by the help of the government cruisers, he expects to have the opportunity of dredging in the deepest parts of the gulf. Of this expedition we shall give a fuller notice hereafter.

The Arctic expedition of Captain Hall will also undoubtedly do its part in the general work, as the naturalist of the party, Dr. Emil Bessels, has had large experience in such labors, and is practically conversant with the fauna of the arctic seas, from his connection with the Spitzbergen expedition of 1869.

At the June meeting of the California Academy of Sciences the subject of inviting the American Association for the Advancement of Science to meet in San Francisco in 1872 was discussed, and the treasurer was instructed to call upon the trustees, and to solicit the co-operation of the Chamber of Commerce in taking measures toward this object. The meeting for the present year will be held in August next in Indianapolis, and a large attendance is expected, especially of Western members, to whom the places of meeting in the East have generally proved too remote to suit their convenience.

The Panama papers report, with great satisfaction, the resumption of travel of the French Transatlantic Steamship Company's line between Aspinwall and St. Nazaire, which had been interrupted for several months past in consequence of the war. The pioneer vessel of the restored line arrived at Aspinwall on the morning of the 27th of May.

Advantage has recently been taken of the borings in the Mont Cenis Tunnel to ascertain the interior temperature of the earth, the experiments being instituted at a point in the tunnel which was situated 5400 feet from the surface. Here special borings were made to a depth of ten feet in lateral excavations, which were closed for a considerable period of time after the instruments were inserted. The temperature observed at this point was a little over 82½° Fahrenheit.

According to Carl Fritsch, the lines of simultaneous flowering of plants lie from five to ten degrees further south in North America than in Europe, elevation above the sea level seeming to have comparatively little influence.

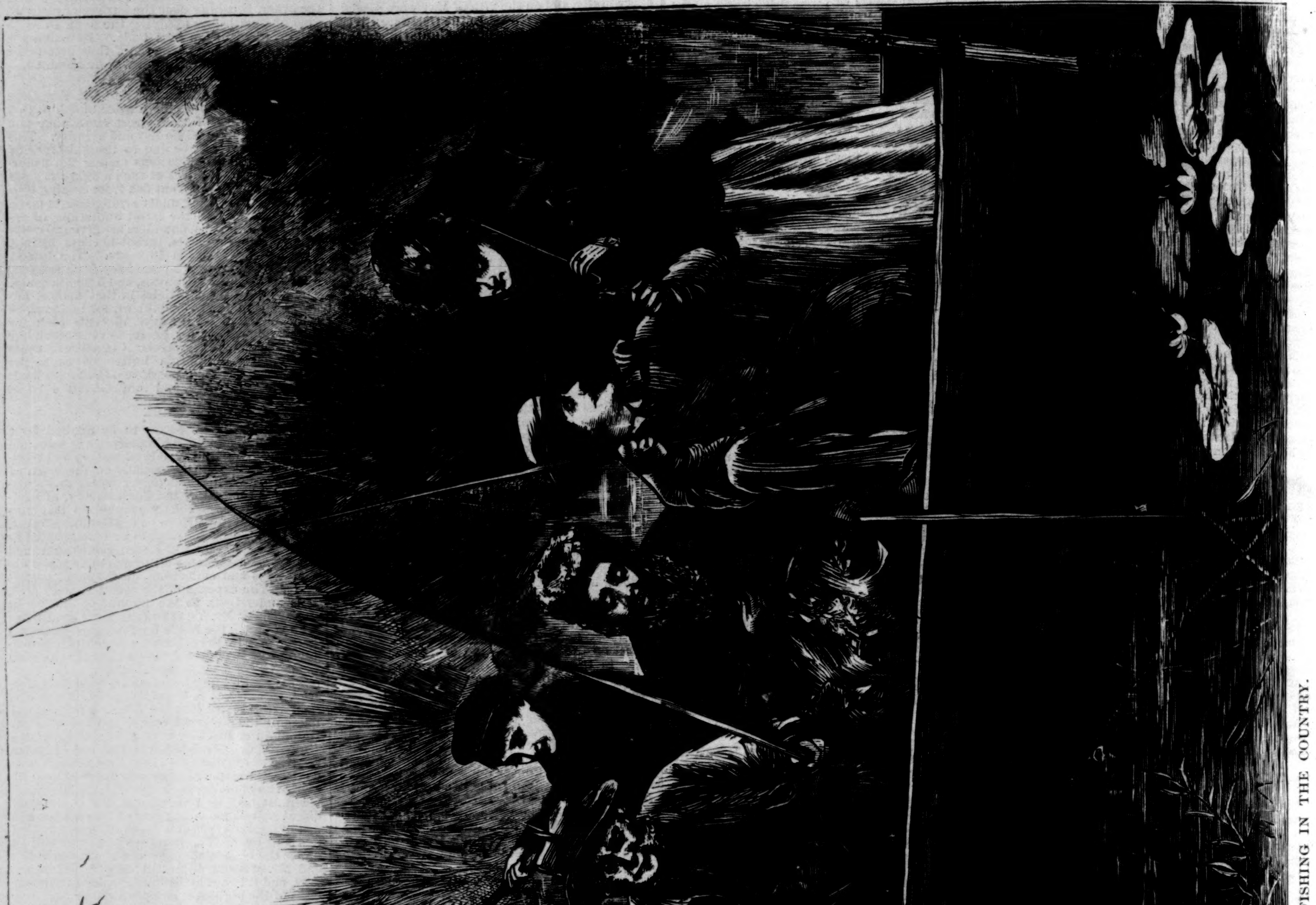
A recent number of *The Academy* contains a notice, quoted from a Spanish journal, of the discovery of some stone implements of great antiquity in the eastern part of Cuba. Nothing is said of their special form or condition other than that their material consists of serpentine and diorite.

FISHING.

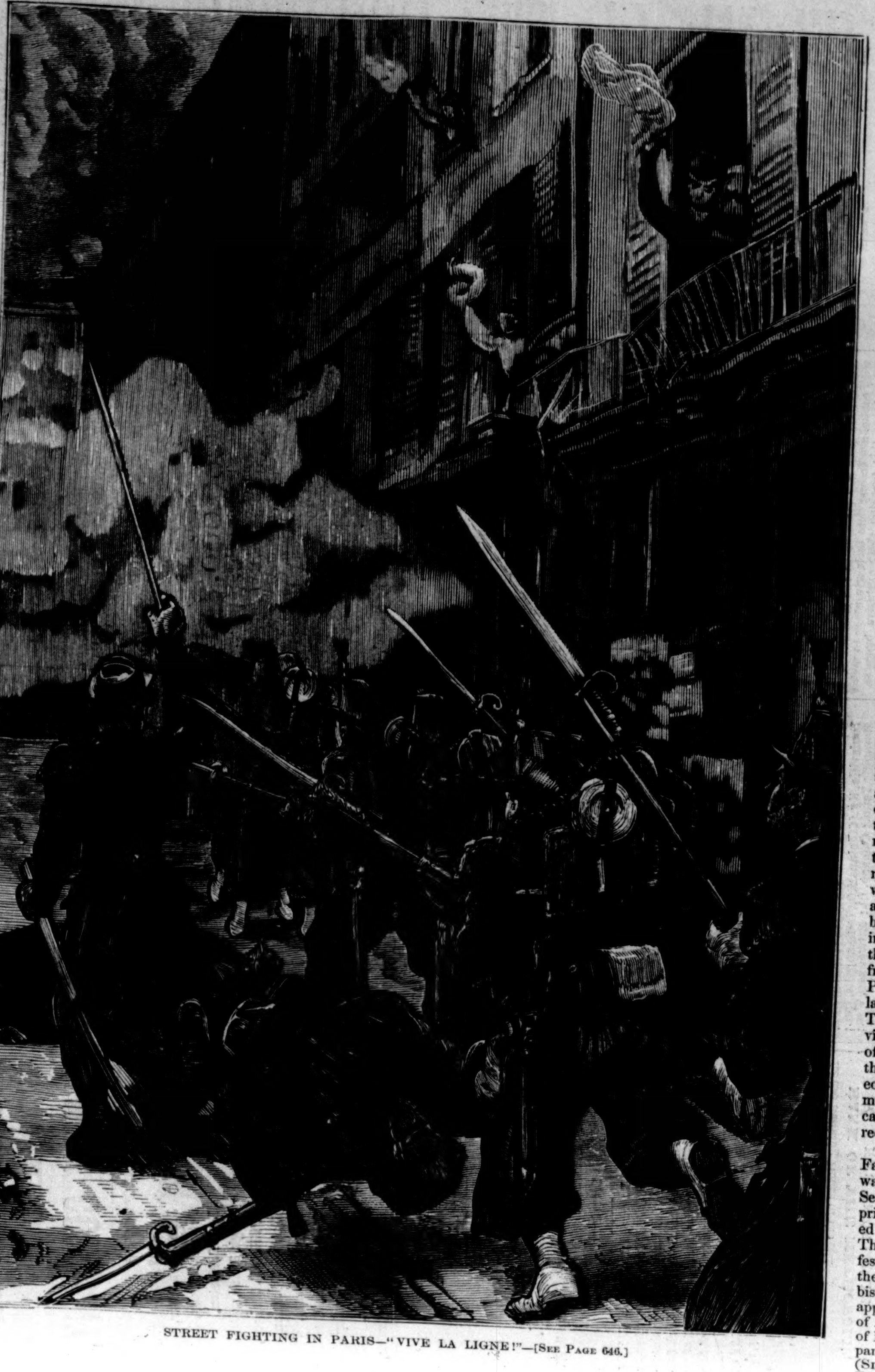
"We presume," says **Leigh Hunt**, "that the most philosophic of anglers would hardly delight in catching shrieking fish;" and we must admit that, logically, there is nothing to be said in reply; but we fancy his disinclination for the sport induced him to seek for the arguments against it, and not the arguments which induced the dislike. It was one of those things he "had no mind to," and he could therefore condemn it. Now, when all has been said on this point, the fact remains that man, as well as the inferior animals, is a creature of instinct, and one of those instincts is to hunt those inferior animals. In his savage state it is a necessity of his existence, and he gets an appetite while he is getting his dinner; but when he becomes civilized, and the necessity no longer exists, we can not expect him to drop his instinct as he would his feathers and paint. It is in him, and what he has to do is to bring it into harmony with his new state of existence. He takes a gun, perhaps, and goes duck-shooting, or steps into a boat and does a little quiet bottom-fishing.

This latter is not the highest style of art. It can not compete with the glories of fly-fishing; but it has merits of its own, and there is even a certain pleasure in catching nothing—in the delightful idleness of watching the colored cork—in the delightful idleness of the whole thing. Of course the charm is greatly heightened by a good day's sport; and there are enthusiasts in the art who are fanatically strict in following its rules, and they prefer to fish in a solitary state, or with their favorite man, who knows all their crotchets. The enthusiast is generally a man of middle age, in the commercial line. He takes a holiday now and then for a day's fishing, and spends the preceding evening in overhauling his tackle, an occupation in which he much delights. He has generally a "killing" bait of his own invention, which is a profound secret; he knows all the best places in the river, and has a great store of anecdotes about big fish which he has taken in former times; he knows all about guts, hair-lines, and fish-hooks, and loses his temper if he catches nothing, which is very often the case. He makes a most serious business of his pleasure, looks with contempt upon those who take theirs lightly, and is especially sarcastic upon fishing parties where there are ladies and children, who of course will talk.

These fishing parties, indeed, have nothing of the sedateness and calm about them upon which **Izaak Walton** would discourse; they make no pretense to philosophic ease, but are simply parties of pleasure, fishing picnics, and very delightful in their way. It is merely playing at sport, and those who indulge in it have, for the time, no sympathy with the solitary angler whom we have sketched. But we think the true enjoyment of this kind of fishing is to be found in a middle course between these extremes of soberness and gayety. The party should be a small and well-chosen one; the day should be neither too warm nor too cold, just cool enough to give the fish an appetite, and no more; the punt should be moored in some quiet reach of a stream, the tackle should be good, the ground-bait plentiful, the luncheon appetizing; and then, with agreeable companions, who, not afraid to speak above a whisper, as though they stood in awe of the little fishes, can be merry without being boisterous, the time passes quickly enough, and makes us long for many more such days, particularly if, as we are poled slowly home in the evening, the well is stocked with red-eyed perch and little silver gudgeon, which latter will be excellent fried at the morrow's breakfast.



FISHING IN THE COUNTRY.



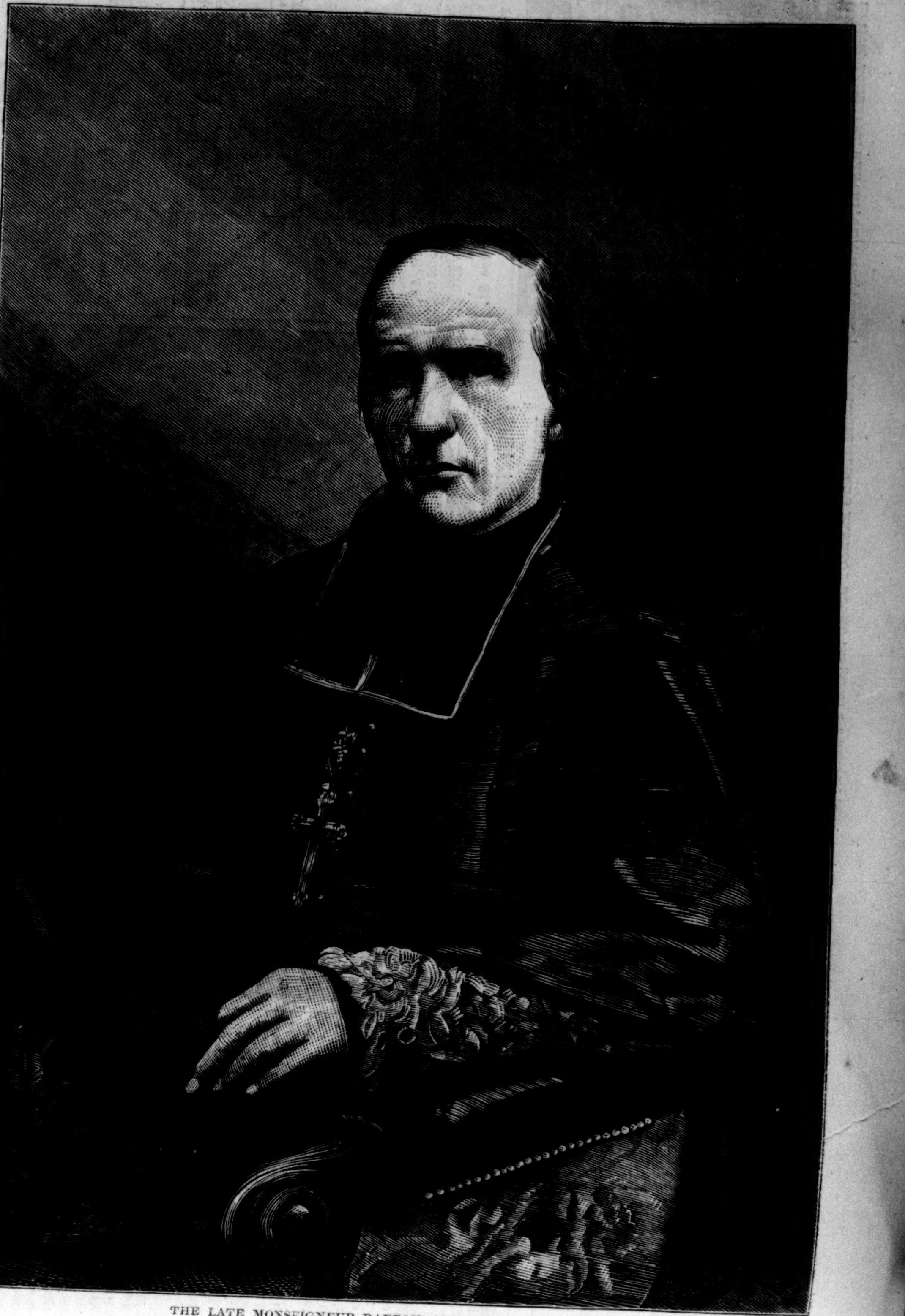
STREET FIGHTING IN PARIS—"VIVE LA LIGNE!"—[See Page 646.]

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP DARBOY.

During the reign of the present pontiff three Archbishops of Paris have died violent deaths. Mgr. Sibour fell a victim to the private revenge of a renegade priest; Mgr. Affre was shot during the insurrection of June, 1848, by a blood-thirsty mob whom he was endeavoring to address in words of peace and quietness; while Mgr. Darboy has been murdered in a still more barbarous and dastardly manner. He was seized in the latter part of last March by the Communists, and shut up in the Mazas prison, with other hostages. Here he was very rigorously treated. He was confined in a cell six feet by ten, lighted by one small window, and containing a wooden chair, wooden table, and a prison bed. Till Mr. Washburne visited him, on the 23d of April, he had seen no one since his capture, nor was he allowed to receive intelligence of passing events.

A month later, when the capture of Paris by the Versailles troops appeared certain, the hostages were removed from Mazas to the prison of La Roquette, and on the 24th of May, at half past seven in the evening, one Lefrançais, the director of the prison, and an ex-convict, ascended at the head of fifty Federals to the gallery where the principal prisoners were confined. An official summoned the prisoners from their respective cells, the Archbishop being taken first. They were marched down to the road running round the prison, which was lined with National Guards, who received them with insults and abuse. The prisoners were then taken into a court-yard, where they found a firing-party awaiting them. Mgr. Darboy stepped forward, and addressing his assassins, uttered a few words of pardon. Two of the men were touched; they knelt and besought his forgiveness. For this conduct they were attacked with reproaches by their comrades. Then the Federals loaded their weapons. Father Allard was placed against the wall, and was the first to be shot down. Then Mgr. Darboy in his turn fell. The bodies were then placed in a cart requisitioned from a railway company, carried to Père la Chaise, and deposited in the last trench of the "Fosse Commune." They were afterward exhumed by the victorious Versaillese, and the body of the Archbishop was exhibited to the public for several days, clad in ecclesiastical robes, but bearing the marks of the ghastly wounds which caused his death. Since then it has received an honorable funeral.

Georges Darboy was born at Fayl-Billot (Haute Marne) in 1813, was educated at the Ecclesiastical Seminary at Langres, was ordained priest in 1836, and soon after appointed curé of St. Dizier, near Vassy. Then for about ten years he was Professor of Philosophy and Theology in the Langres Seminary. In 1846 Archbishop Affre summoned him to Paris, appointed him Almoner of the College of Henry IV., and an honorary canon of Notre Dame. In 1846 he accompanied the then Archbishop of Paris (Sibour) to Rome, in 1859 he became Bishop of Nancy, and in 1863 suc-



THE LATE MONSEIGNEUR DARBOY, ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.

ceeded Cardinal MORLOT as Archbishop of Paris. At the Vatican Council in Rome last year he advocated moderation on the infallibility question, but on the decision of the Council being declared he gave in his adherence to its definitions. His exact views on this subject have since been somewhat hotly discussed; we prefer to pass them by in silence, and regard him as a worthy, liberal-minded Christian man. During the exhibition of 1867 he cheerfully allowed Protestant Bibles and books to be sold, saying that though he could not accept Protestant doctrines, any thing would be welcome which would rouse the Parisians from their pagan state, and teach them the immortality of the soul; while one of his last acts as a member of the Paris Committee of the Lord Mayor's Fund was to accede heartily to a proposal for relieving those Protestant orphanages in France which had suffered from the war. The Rev. E. FORBES, of Paris, who relates this anecdote, says: "Only four days previous to his murder I joined the Protestant *pasteurs* in an address to the members of the Commune, beseeching them not to imbrue their hands in the blood of innocent hostages. But alas! 'their feet were swift to shed blood; destruction and misery were in their ways.'"

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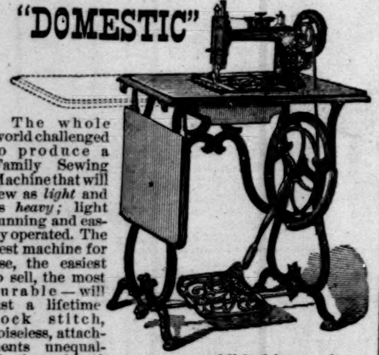

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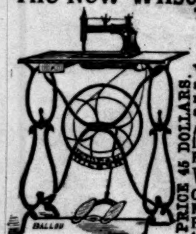
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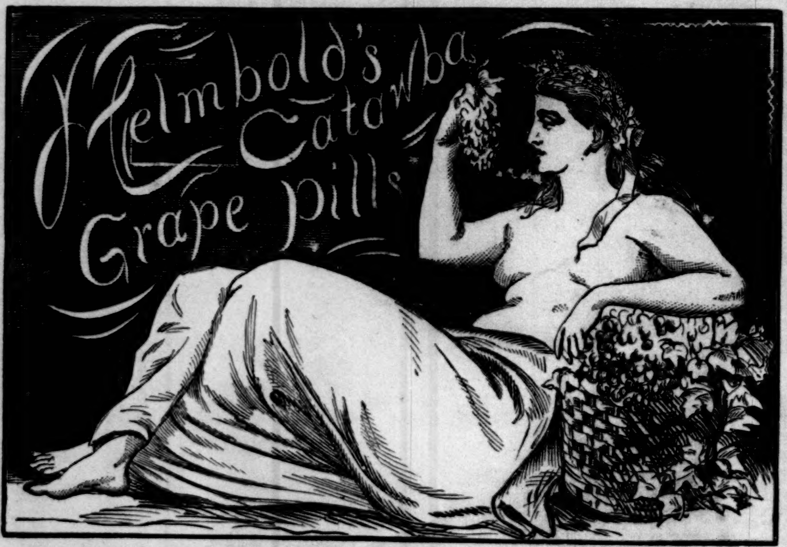

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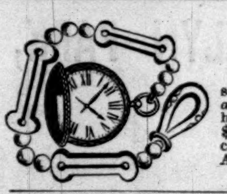

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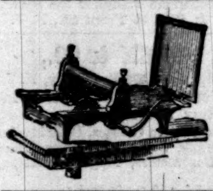

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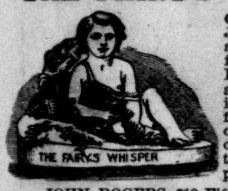

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WHEN THIS OLD FLAG WAS NEW. By R. H. STODDARD.
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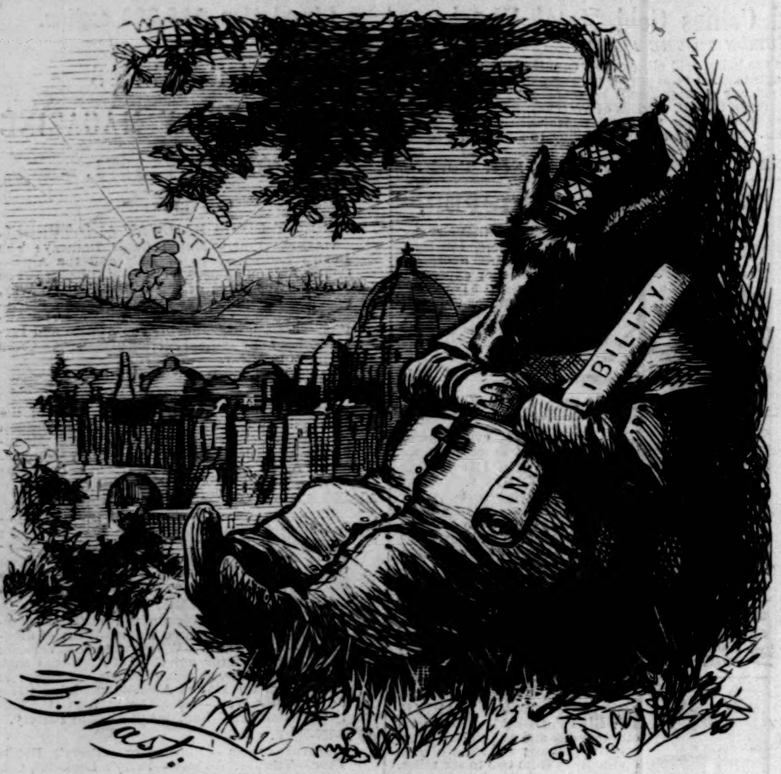

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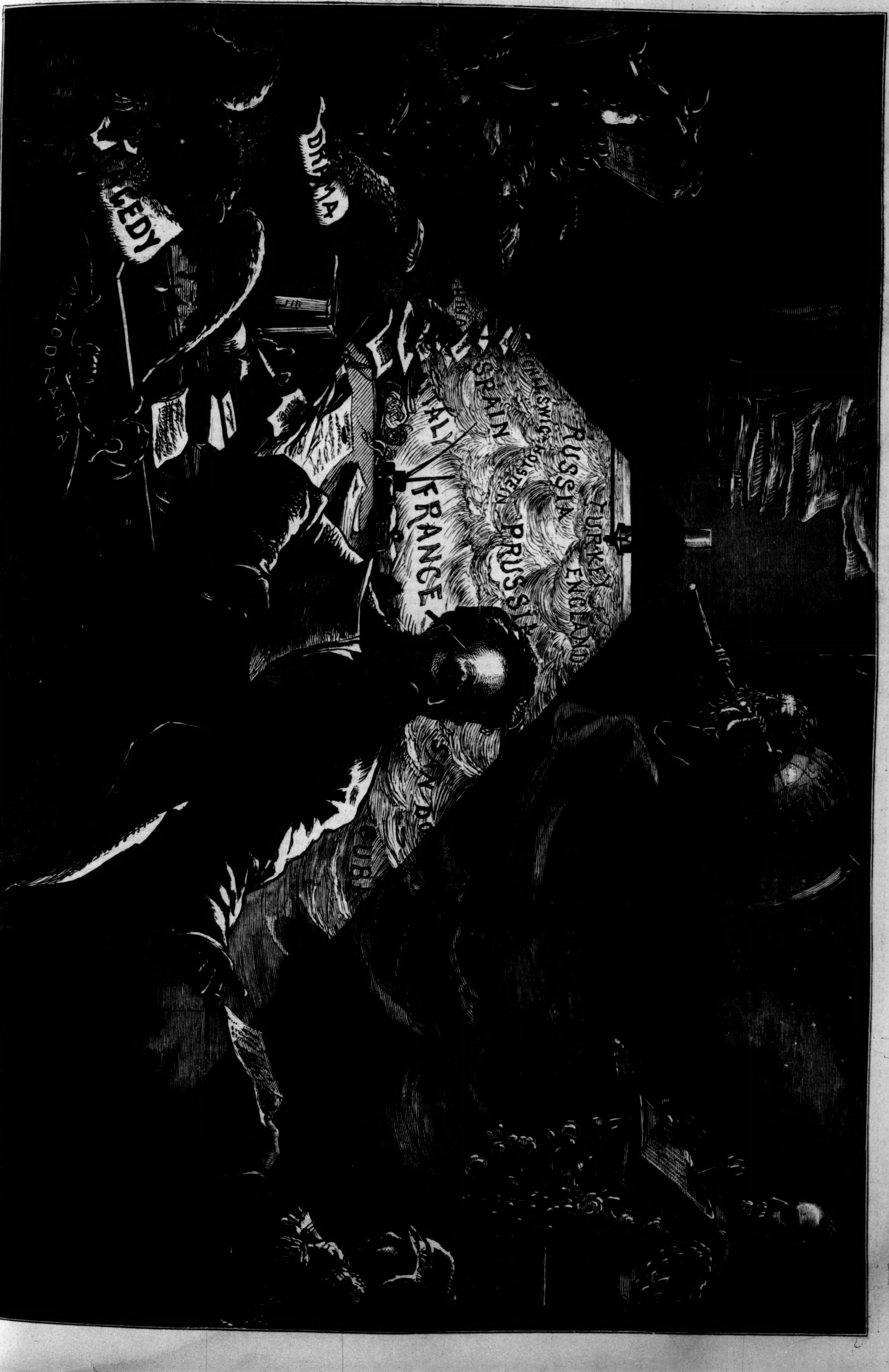
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THE NIGHT EDITOR.—Drawn by Arthur Lumley.—[See Page 658.]

ON THE SHORE.

By KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

THE wind pressed outward from the land
To mutter round the rocky strand;
The summer night was very still,
Save for the trees upon the hill.

About me in my leafy place
The branches blew before my face,
As straining out to watch with me
The ship far off upon the sea.

Just where the sail fell out of sight
One faint star trembled on the night;
Beyond my reach, I said, that star
Shall keep my steady watch afar:

Shall hang o'er all the wayward track,
The going and the coming back,
And in its place more brightly burn
To tell me of a safe return.

Again I watched the low sky swim
And darken to the ocean rim;
Far on their edge a cloudy line
Lay right across my chosen sign.

From underneath the heavy pall
A star shot out—I saw it fall—
And, moaning up the lone hill-side,
There came a sad wind from the tide.

The boughs fell back into the night,
As stricken with a sudden fright;
I turned with them and bowed my face—
I knew what evil thing had place:

I bid my eyes, I held my breath
Before the messenger of Death;
Nor watch nor cry should evermore
Bring back my sunken ship to shore.

So many stars within the sky,
And none to tell my hope more nigh!
So many sails upon the sea,
And never one to come to me!

THE NIGHT EDITOR.

How many people of the thousands who skim over their morning paper at the breakfast-table, glancing idly at the telegraphic and local news columns, the editorial articles, the literary reviews, the musical and dramatic criticism, the money article, market reports, shipping intelligence, and the miscellaneous items that serve to fill out the closely printed columns, have any conception of the varied and complex machinery of the establishment that, every day in the year, turns out this marvel of intellectual and mechanical enterprise? The newspaper has become such a matter of course that people see nothing remarkable in its appearance. They expect to find it every morning flung on the front door-step by the carrier, as regularly as the sun rises, and rarely bestow a thought on the means by which this is accomplished.

Let us take Mr. LUMLEY's suggestive picture on page 657 as our text, and see how it is done.

The office of a morning paper during the greater part of the day is as dull and quiet as a school-house on a Saturday afternoon. About eleven o'clock the reporters generally stroll in to get their assignments and instructions from the city editor, whose duty it is to look after local news, the courts, meetings, and every thing relating to the city and its suburbs. The exchange editor is also on hand toward noon, to look over the files of exchanges, cut out and prepare whatever may be of interest, and mark such articles as should be seen by the editor in chief, or any of his assistants. But the real work of the office begins about seven o'clock in the evening, when the night editor comes on duty. Then there is bustle every where. In the city editor's apartment a score of reporters are busy at their desks, writing out their notes; the exchange editor, scissors in hand, pen over his ear, and paste-pot within easy reach, is poring over files of newspapers from every quarter of the land, carefully arranged by their localities. The facility of a good newspaper reader is something astonishing. With one glance of his eye he takes in the contents of a whole page, and with unerring instinct always lights on the one item, perhaps, which is worthy of his scissors. The only quiet rooms in the establishment are those where the editorial writers are at work, fashioning articles on the various topics suggested by the news.

The busiest man of all is the night editor, on whom falls the responsibility of receiving and arranging the news as it comes in from every part of the world. His position is no sinecure. It is, in fact, most laborious and wearing. If fit for it, he must be a person of extensive and accurate information, of large intelligence, and quickness of judgment. He is responsible for the whole paper. Every line of print, except the advertising columns, passes under his eye. As the telegrams come in he glances rapidly over them, writes in the proper head-lines, makes a note or two, perhaps, for the benefit of the editor in chief, and then sends them to the composing-room to be "set up." There is no order in the telegrams as they arrive. They are sent from the office of the Associated Press in envelopes containing from one to a dozen sheets, and the dispatch on each sheet may be from a different quarter of the world, and incomplete in itself. The same envelope may contain news from Washington, St. Petersburg, Paris, London, San Francisco, and China; and it requires experience and skill to arrange them properly.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock the night editor makes up the first side of the paper, which, if it be an eight-page journal, consists of the 2d, 3d, 6th, and 7th pages. On this side are generally printed most of the advertisements, the market and law reports, book reviews, and letters and articles of general interest which do not come under the head of news. This done, he returns to his desk, where he sits till about half past one, arranging dispatches, and looking over the proofs of the matter he and the other editors have sent up to be put in type. These proofs are taken on strips of paper generally about the length of a column. It is now time to commence making up the second side—the 1st, 4th, 5th, and 8th pages. He gathers his proofs together, taking in their contents with a rapid glance, and mentally deciding on their arrangement. He thinks to himself, perhaps, "This news from Paris is the most important; it must lead the paper with a big display head. This will make about two columns and a half. I will lead the fourth column with the great Pittston disaster, with a display head. Washington news is unimportant, and may go on the last column, or, perhaps, on the fifth page." And so he goes on "making up" as he glances through the matter, so that before he goes to the composing-room he has the arrangement of the whole paper clearly in his mind. Telegrams are perhaps still pouring in; but these are rapidly arranged by an assistant, and sent up to the composing-room.

It is in making up that the necessity of a clear head and quick judgment is most evident. Dispatches that must be printed together may be scattered over half a dozen proofs, and places must be reserved in the forms for others not yet in type. The foreman and his assistants make up all the pages at once, placing the matter as the night editor directs. When there is too much, he is obliged to cut down or omit what is least important. All this occupies less than an hour. By half past two the pages must be ready to be stereotyped, and by a little after three they must be lowered into the press-room. The weary night editor goes home, turns into bed, and lets newspapers slide for the next seven or eight hours.

Such is the routine of a night editor's life. Wearisome as it may seem to outsiders, it has a charm and attraction for the genuine editor which never wear off. The constant variety, the excitement, the responsibility, keep the mind continually exhilarated and on the stretch; and few night editors ever settle contentedly into more quiet pursuits.

THREE SCENES IN THE LIFE OF AN HEIRESS.

I.

"THERE is Helen on the lawn still," said the Honorable Mrs. Meredith to her brother-in-law, Major Richard Palgrave Meredith, as they sat sipping their after-dinner coffee, in the luxurious drawing-room of Meredith Hall; "and I am sure the evenings are too cool still to make it quite safe for her to be out so late."

"And there goes her rustic lover across the lawn to meet her," was the major's reply. "You may as well send Martin with her wraps. It is hardly reasonable to expect sweet eighteen to come in on such a night as this, especially when there is a lover in the case. Egad!" continued the old worldling, as he threw up the window and gazed rapturously on the scene of beauty spread out before him, "if it were not for this rheumatic gout I could enjoy a little philandering myself. Since the days of Lorenzo and Jessica was there ever such a night?"

The scene upon which the major looked was indeed one to make the coldest heart throb more quickly, and to awaken a sentiment of pure delight in even the most worldly breast. The sun had gone down in a blaze of crimson and gold, after a very warm day of a very early spring, and the reflection of its last rays still illumined the tops of the tall trees and shrubs, which were just covered with foliage of that tender and delicate green which, like the first bloom of womanhood on a maiden's cheek, is so short-lived and fleeting, and so exquisitely beautiful while it lasts. The air was heavy with the scent of laburnum and red-May, and the ear was soothed with the soft plash of a fountain and the rush of a tiny water-fall over the rocks in the neighboring woods. Above, in the deep vault of heaven, the crescent moon was shining, while, set almost within its arch, like a jewel in an archangel's crown, shone with a steady light the fairest of evening stars. In the centre of the lawn, with her slight figure well defined against the western sky, stood a girl whose rare beauty of feature and singular purity of expression seemed exactly in consonance with the natural beauties that surrounded her. Slightly above the middle height, her figure had that roundness and fullness, and, at the same time, litheness and flexibility, which can only be expressed by the French word "*svelte*," and which is so rarely seen among the rather ponderous beauties of our British Isles. Her head was small, and, dreadful to relate in these days of Dresden-china beauties, was covered with a rich growth of dark brown hair, which—innocent of chignon or ringlet, crimping-pin or curling-tongs—was drawn back plain and smooth from her low forehead, and fastened in one large coil at the back of her head. Add to these, eyes of a deep, soft gray, a complexion pure and limpid as running water, into which only a passing emotion called a transitory flush, and a mouth which dimpled into the brightest and most electric of smiles upon very slight provocation, and you have a picture of a "fair young English girl" as we knew her a few years since, when slang was confined to stables and bar-rooms, and the "girl of the period" was unknown.

Approaching her from the belt of woods which skirted the lawn on the lower side was a youth a few years older than herself, of gentlemanly presence and manly bearing, but with little in his outer man save his open and undisguised devotion to herself to recommend him in a maiden's eyes. He was received with a smile of welcome and a few words inaudible to the watchers at the drawing-room window, and then, with a glance upward of wonder and delight, they wandered away side by side, occasionally appearing and disappearing under the stately trees which lined the avenue leading to the lodge. Meanwhile the more elderly couple in the drawing-room had finished their coffee, and were engaged in a rather warm discussion, of which the lovers were the unconscious theme.

Left by the will of the late Jasper Meredith joint guardians of his heiress and only child, and loving her with an equally unselfish and undivided affection, Major Meredith and his sister-in-law were still so diametrically opposed in character, temper, and views of life, that it was seldom they agreed in any one point where Helen's welfare or happiness was concerned. Mrs. Meredith was a woman of a singularly pure and guileless nature, whose one aim in life had seemed to be to fulfill the apostolic injunction and keep herself "unspotted from the world;" and under her gentle teachings Helen's childhood had passed literally without thought or knowledge of evil. When her uncle paid his semi-annual visits to Meredith Hall, if a smile was sometimes called forth by the primitive training Mrs. Meredith bestowed upon her daughter, and upon the perfectly unsophisticated views that they both took of life and its objects and purposes, he was yet forced to admit that there was an indescribable charm in the freshness and purity of Helen Meredith's mind and heart which no mere worldly training could supply. As long as Mrs. Meredith confined herself to the moral and religious teaching of her daughter, and provided her with such masters and teachers as her age and station demanded, the major had no disposition to interfere; but when, upon his last Christmas visit, Mrs. Meredith had announced to him Helen's engagement to the Rev. Arthur Maitland, curate of Middleham, poor and obscure, with neither talents nor accomplishments to supply the place of more worldly advantages, the old man had rebelled with all the force and determination of a strong and very worldly nature, and had positively declined to give his consent to such a sacrifice of his wealthy and beautiful ward. At first he had pooh-poohed the whole affair, laughed at Helen to her face, and brought all the artillery of his cynical, brilliant, and thoroughly cultivated intellect to bear upon the unfortunate youth, whose sole attractions, as it seemed to him, lay in his straight features, clerical dress, and entire devotion to his young parishioner.

For once, however, the major's judgment had been at fault; and he perceived, when it was too late, that his violent opposition to the match had only confirmed Helen and her mother in their determination to carry it out. So the crafty old soldier beat a hasty retreat, and after leaving the enemy unmolested for a few months, had come down now with entirely new tactics, which he fondly hoped would carry the position by assault. He had come with the settled determination to take Helen back to town with him for the London season, feeling sure, from his long observation and experience of woman's nature, that the love fever would cure itself when a suitable and sufficient antidote should be found. To make every thing smooth and easy, the major had taken one of the best houses in Park Lane, which, as he said to his sister-in-law, was so unexceptionable in all its appointments that it needed only her presence and that of his niece to make it perfect.

"But you know, Richard, that nothing would induce *me* to go through the racketing of a London season," was Mrs. Meredith's half-weeping reply. "My health is far too delicate for such an undertaking; and as I have never been to London since the year I was presented, I am sure I should be quite out of place in all its glare and bustle. Since it was my dear husband's will that you should be associated with me in the guardianship of our beloved child, I have no wish to interfere in what you may think best for her. At the same time, I am forced to protest against your avowed object in dragging Helen into these scenes of gayety, and that is, to separate her from the one whom her young heart has chosen for its guide and director, and in whose devoted affection she now finds unutterable happiness."

"Pardon me, dear madam," said the major, as with exquisite grace he removed his meerschaum from between his lips and laid it on the table beside him; "only to test the depth and strength of her affection for him, not to destroy it if it really exists. I have seen these little plants shoot up so often from young and tender hearts, and have so seldom found that there was root enough to stand the storms of life, that I wish only to spare your daughter the greatest of all human miseries—a hasty marriage without abiding love. This young man may be all that you believe him to be, and may be all-sufficient to satisfy Helen in her present crude and unformed condition. But Helen Meredith at eighteen and Helen Meredith at twenty-eight will be two very different persons; and pardon me for reminding you that a husband is taken, not for a week or a month or a year, but forever, and that a lifetime of happiness or misery may depend upon the decision we come to now."

"And, pray, is the young man to be left out of your calculations altogether?" said Mrs. Meredith, with a little asperity. "If Helen is safe to grow and develop into the glorious creature you picture her to yourself, why may not Arthur have kept pace with her? Why should not *his* intellect and character mature and improve as well as hers, thereby making him as entirely her equal ten years hence as he is now?"

"*Il n'y a pas de quoi, ma chère belle-sœur*, I greatly fear," replied the major. "However, argument on this point between us two is useless. Let us compromise the matter. Give Helen to me for three months in town. My sister, Lady Menzies, will chaperon her. She shall run the usual gauntlet that every pretty girl of fortune and position must run during a London season, thereby finding her proper level to a dead certainty. No undue influence shall be brought to bear; her correspondence with her rural adorer shall be neither inspected nor restricted; and if at the end of her period of trial Helen is still anxious to fulfill her engagement, I pledge you my word to give my unqualified consent to the match, and the wedding may take place as soon as you please."

Mrs. Meredith was vanquished. The terms of capitulation were so fair and open, the advantages so clearly on her own side, that in spite of fears and misgivings she was forced to give in to the major's proposition. After all, the time was short; no great harm could come to her innocent child from three months' mingling with the world; and she felt sure that under her uncle's guardianship, and with such a chaperon as his sister, Helen would be hedged in by every possible precaution that the strictest rules of conventionality could impose. Then she had been all her life so completely "one man's woman," so entirely absorbed in the one object of her first and only love, that to question the probability of Helen's remaining true to her lover was almost to doubt her being her own child. She hesitated, however, for a moment before giving her entire consent to the major's plan; but in the mean time that veteran in diplomacy had escaped through the drawing-room window, and with Helen's arm drawn through his own, and Arthur walking rather disconsolately on the other side, was unfolding his plans for the coming three months, and filling his ward's youthful imagination with the wildest dreams of pleasure.

II.

More than six weeks have come and gone, and again the moon looks down upon a scene of beauty which, if possible, surpasses that of the early spring evening at Meredith Hall. This time it is the full moon, which floods with its silvery light the exquisite grounds of a gentleman's villa on the banks of the river Thames. The annual rose fête of Lady St. John has been the talk and anticipation of the gay world of London for many weeks before; and now that the day is absolutely here, all feel that every promise and dream of enjoyment and perfection has been entirely realized. Since an early hour of the afternoon the grounds, which for taste and beauty of arrangement are unsurpassed in the neighborhood of London, have been thronged with the very *crème de la crème* of the London *beau monde*. Dotting the beautiful lawns with their gay, fantastic dresses, vying with the brilliant parterres of flowers in their varied and delicate beauty, the numerous parties of croquet-players have gradually dispersed as the day declined, and now at the rising of the glorious moon are crowding the pavilion, where dancing has been for some time going on, or straying off by lake and river, to the utter confusion and bewilderment of matrons and chaperons.

Standing at the door of the pavilion, and intently watching a couple, to whom, indeed, the attention of all the lookers-on was directed, was our old friend the major; and so preoccupied was he with his own reflections that he came as near to a start and an exclamation as a man of his unexceptionable breeding was capable of coming, when his kind hostess, Lady St. John, approached him from behind, and in a bantering tone exclaimed:

"Absorbed in the contemplation of your niece's charms, my dear major, or weighed down by your responsibilities as chaperon? I remember being told once by an old comrade in arms of yours in India that 'whatever Meredith did was certain of being done well.' Certainly your triumphs in camp and field are hardly exceeded by your successes in the great arena of London life. After a career of unparalleled social successes on your own account, you finish by bringing out the most beautiful and faultless *débutante* that London has seen for many seasons; thus securing to yourself the gratification of a parent's pride and ambition, without ever having endured the chagrin and *désagrémens* of domestic life. And now the world says you are about to enjoy the crowning triumph of your life by wedding your beautiful ward at the close of her first season to the most brilliant and desirable *parti* in England."

The slightest possible shade of annoyance passed over the major's ordinarily impassible features, but he bowed low in acknowledgment of the compliments addressed to himself, and replied:

"Your ladyship does me too much honor. To tell you the truth, at the moment you spoke I was debating a very serious question in my own mind, and that is, whether Helen's toilet to-night is not susceptible of very considerable improvement. Madame Manoury hardly did justice to her usually faultless taste when she sent that wreath of apple blossoms for my niece's classical head."

"A charming variety, my dear major," replied the woman of the world, falling in at once with her companion's evident determination to avoid serious topics—"a charming variety upon the usual severe simplicity of Miss Meredith's coiffure. Your ward is one of those highly favored mortals who can adopt any style she pleases, and be beautiful in all. No modiste or coiffeur could mar the perfection of her wonderful beauty."

As she spoke the music stopped, and Helen approached the window, leaning upon the arm of a man of about thirty years of age, whose dignity of bearing and ordinarily grave and earnest expression were now both softened and enlivened by the gay scene around, and by his unmistakable happiness in the companionship of the lovely girl upon his arm.

"Ready for home, Helen?" was the major's first salutation. “Eight hours of unalloyed happiness is about as much as poor human nature has a right to expect at one time. Shall I look for your aunt and call the carriage, my dear?”

“Oh no, dear uncle, not yet,” replied Helen, with an appealing glance. “Give me just one half hour more to enjoy this delicious moonlight. Don't be cruel, Guardy; such a night as this does not come more than once in a lifetime.”

The man of the world smiled a cynical, sardonic smile. Perhaps his thoughts reverted to another lovely night, when the moon had looked down upon the tender beauty of the early spring, and upon the tender beauty of two fresh young hearts vowing eternal fidelity under its fickle rays. But he contented himself with a shrug of his rather rheumatic shoulders, and a commonplace remark to Lady St. John upon the irresistible attraction that youth and moonlight appeared to have for each other.

Meanwhile Helen and the young earl, who had been, during the six weeks of her London campaign, her daily, almost hourly attendant, wandered quietly away over the closely shaven lawn, and were soon lost in the mazes of distant avenues and woodlands. For a time they walked without uttering a word; then Helen, finding the silence somewhat embarrassing, remarked upon the beauty of the night, and asked some unimportant question about the arrangements for the flower-show on the following day.

“I am doubtful about going to the fête tomorrow,” was her companion's reply. “This has been so perfect in every respect that it seems to me almost like tempting Providence to attempt to renew such happiness as I have felt today.”

“I believe you are right,” said Helen, pensively; “and yet one gets so accustomed to this eternal round of pleasure-seeking that I suppose time would hang heavily with no excitement in prospect. And yet for me it will all soon be over; my three months of London life are drawing rapidly to a close, and it is hardly probable that I shall ever renew them.”

“Do not let us talk of the end of any thing to-night,” said her companion, tenderly; “the scene is too peaceful, the enjoyment too perfect, to admit a thought of change. Let us rather dwell upon the unchangeableness—the eternity—of at least some human emotions. Let us believe that the happiness of this present hour may be prolonged through the whole of our after lives. As for me, it may and will be, Helen, if you will consent to fight the great battle at my side.”

He lowered his voice almost to a whisper as he said these words, and the deep, full tones, which had been these many weeks like sweetest music in Helen Meredith's ears, seemed now to curdle the very life-blood in her veins. Her silence, and the deadly pallor of her face as she walked on mechanically by his side, were interpreted by her companion as favorable to his suit; and without pressing her for an immediate answer, he took her hand gently into his own, and said:

“What I tell you can hardly seem strange or new to you, dear Helen. You must have seen, this long time past, how entirely you have possessed all that I have to give of affection and devotion; you must know that the happiness of my whole future life depends upon the answer that you give me now. I have sometimes dared to hope that my deep devotion has awakened a response in your heart, dearest. If I have been wrong, God help me!” he continued, as Helen struggled to release her hand, which had grown every moment colder and colder in his fervent grasp. “If you can not love me, Helen, I must look to Heaven for comfort, for no earthly consolation will avail.” His voice trembled as he spoke these words, and again he took her hand within his own, and pressed it tenderly to his lips. This time Helen had not the courage to withdraw it, but let it lie a few moments in the strong, firm grasp, where she would gladly—oh, so gladly!—have let it lie forever. Then, making one great effort, she raised her large gray eyes to his face, those eyes, in whose clear depths no falsehood could be mirrored, and said, in a firm, sad tone:

“It can never be. If I have deceived you, if I have given rise to false hopes, believe me it was unintentional. I never knew—I never thought what all these pleasant times would lead to. I never meant. Oh, Lord Seaton, forgive me! forgive me! You can not be more miserable than I am myself.” And she burst into a fit of convulsive sobbing, which distressed as much as it astonished her companion. He led her to a rustic bench, and seating himself beside her, strove with the utmost gentleness and deference to calm her agitation.

Then Helen told him the brief story of her life—her youthful fancy for Arthur Maitland, her firm belief in his unalterable attachment to herself, and her determination to keep her plighted faith with him. It was in vain that her lover argued and pleaded; in vain he strove to convince her that an engagement formed in the ignorance and thoughtlessness of excessive youth could not be considered binding; in vain too, that he strove to extract some little word or look that would indicate a latent preference for himself. Helen had been educated in the strictest school of womanly honor and rectitude. Truth and constancy were a sort of religion with her; and, like the Spartan youth, she would let her very heart be eaten out before she would expose to any human eye the cause of the agony she was suffering. Lord Seaton was a man to appreciate and respect the nobility of soul that spoke in every word and look of the woman he so dearly loved; and while his heart sank under the weight of his own disappointment he felt proud of the choice that heart had made, even though it had been made in vain.

“Do not think too harshly of me,” the poor girl said, as they rose and walked slowly toward the house. “I am young and without knowledge or experience of the world. I never thought that any one would come to love me in this way. God bless you for all your kindness to me, and thank you very much for the pleasant hours we have spent together. Perhaps we may meet again.” Her voice faltered, and she felt that she was unconsciously betraying what she most desired to hide; but she could not leave him without a few words of gratitude and kindliness, and Lord Seaton was too much at heart the gentleman to take advantage of the betrayal of feeling, which, however, he had not failed to perceive.

“God bless you, my heart's darling,” he said, as he detained her one moment where the moonbeams fell full and clear upon her pure young face, irradiating it with an almost unearthly beauty. “God bless you, Helen; and remember always that as I have loved you since first I came to know you—as I love you now—so shall I continue to love you unto my life's end. Time and absence will make no change in me. Will you promise me to remember this, dear, and to act upon it should you ever be free again?”

“Yes, I can promise that,” was her simple answer; “and I shall never forget you, even though we never meet again.”

All further conversation was prevented by their near approach to the great avenue, where the bustle of departure had some time before commenced. Major Meredith approached them as soon as they came in sight, and wrapping his niece in her luxurious *sortie de bal*, announced that his carriage had been waiting, and Lady Menzies impatient to be gone, for the last half hour. Helen made some confused apology for her long absence, and, still on Lord Seaton's arm, followed her uncle to the principal entrance, where his carriage had been “stopping the way” for a rather unreasonable time. In another moment she was seated in it. The door was banged by the weary footman, and Seaton, his head uncovered, had waved his last adieu to the woman he adored. In another half hour the gay crowd had entirely dispersed, the lights were extinguished, and silence and darkness settled down upon the scene of so much gayety and so many triumphs. So, upon two young hearts, which at the opening of the fête had beat high with hope and happiness, the night of disappointment and despair had settled darkly down.

III.

Again the moon—this time the harvest-moon—is flooding the world with beauty; and at the drawing-room window of Meredith Hall Helen and her mother are seated, hand in hand, enjoying their first evening of uninterrupted familiar intercourse after their long separation. The mother's face is anxious and perturbed; these three short months seem to have planted lines of care upon its smooth surface which her whole lifetime of undisturbed serenity had failed to produce. Her manner, too, is nervous and distrait, so different from the calm repose which has always marked her perfect breeding that Helen for the time forgets her own aching heart to wonder what has worked this sudden change.

Over both mother and child an inexplicable restraint has fallen. A dark cloud of concealment and distrust seems to have come between them and the free, unfettered intercourse of former days, which both are straining to recover. Both have a great deal to tell and a great deal to hear. Helen has described a dozen balls and fêtes, has enlarged upon dinners, operas, theatres, and toilets, and has asked after all her friends and pensioners in the parish rather oftener than a real interest in their welfare would have prompted.

Mrs. Meredith in return has talked with a volubility quite foreign to her nature of all that has been going on in Middleham during Helen's absence; of the fever that had broken out among the school-children; of the old people that had died, and the babies that had been born; of her geraniums and azaleas; of the marriage of John, the footman, and the difficulty she had had in finding one to replace him of the regulation height; of every thing, in short, that had occurred or was likely to occur within the range of their household interests, except the one subject nearest both their hearts—Helen's approaching marriage.

To her mother Helen had never mentioned Lord Seaton's name. She had come home more than ever determined to fulfill her engagement with Arthur Maitland, and was nerving herself to inquire where he was, and when she might expect to see him, when Major Meredith entered from the dining-room, and was welcomed by both ladies as a relief rather than an interruption.

There was a look of quiet satisfaction on the major's face as he seated himself by the drawing-room table, and a twinkle in the corner of his eye which Helen knew meant mischief.

“Have you seen the *Times* to-day, dear madam?” he said, as the ladies left the window, and Mrs. Meredith began to busy herself with the tea equipage, which had just been put upon the table. “There is an announcement in the first column which I fancy will interest Helen.”

“Not among the deaths, I hope, dear uncle?”

“No, nor among the births,” was his quiet reply. “But take the *juste milieu*—the list of marriages, my dear; if I do not mistake, you will find that an old friend of yours has disposed of himself for life without even asking us to the wedding. Not very civil, I must admit, for I am sure no one would rejoice with him more heartily than myself.”

Helen took the paper from her uncle's hand, and ran her eye carelessly down the list, and then burst into a ringing laugh as she read the following announcement:

> “At Mowbray House, on Thursday, the 22d instant, by the Very Rev. the Dean of Salisbury, the Rev. Arthur Maitland to Judith, only daughter of Henry Mowbray, of Mowbray House, Esquire.”

Helen's mirth seemed to be contagious. The major, too, laughed long and loud at this unexpected solution of a problem which he was bound to confess had puzzled even his old head not a little, and out of the mazes of which, for Helen or himself, he had failed to see his way quite clear.

“Congratulate me, dear madam,” he said, as soon as he could speak; “let us kiss and shake hands all round. Helen, my dear child, pardon me if I am not sufficiently sympathetic; but, to tell the truth, I never thought your rustic swain would be half so considerate as to do for us what we so disliked to do for ourselves. But your good mamma looks confused and mystified at our unseemly joy. Tell me, dear madam, did you anticipate this rather prosaic termination of ‘Love's young dream?’”

“I knew of Arthur's attachment to the young lady, and of his fickle, heartless desertion of my own dear child,” was her faltering answer. “A week ago Arthur came to me, and tried to explain the change in his feelings, but I had no strength or patience to listen to him, and have been trying ever since to nerve myself to break the news to Helen. But *you* have told it so abruptly, and it seems to have produced an effect so entirely opposite to what I had looked for, that I am sorry now I have spent so many sleepless nights, and made myself so uncomfortable about the matter.”

“Poor, dear, darling mamma!” exclaimed Helen; “she shall never be made uncomfortable again by her fickle daughter and her fickle lovers. Here, wrap your shawl around you, and come out into this delicious moonlight, that I may tell you about another change that these magical three months have worked. Guardy was right, after all, mamma; so we will leave him to enjoy his triumph himself.”

“Thank you,” replied the major; “but my triumphs have not been so few or far between that I should exult much over one that was so long self-evident as this. Besides, I must write to Lord Seaton.”

“To Lord Seaton! what for?” exclaimed Helen, in a tone of alarm.

“Only to invite him down for partridge-shooting in September. I suppose I may take that liberty. He won't interfere with you, my dear.” And the major wrote.

At the beginning of the new year the marriage was celebrated in the parish church of Middleham. And a brilliant assemblage of relatives and friends assisted at the breakfast that was afterward given at Meredith Hall.

As the bridegroom and his beautiful bride drove away from the great door, Major Meredith turned quietly to his sister-in-law and remarked:

“What do you say to the eternity of first love now, *belle-sœur* Was I wrong to take Helen to London?”

It was the conqueror's first note of exultation over his victory, and we must pardon him if he rather enjoyed it.

SYMBOLISM OF THE CROSS.

Probably no symbol has been so universally employed in religion and art as the cross, in its various forms and modifications. We see it fashioned of gold or silver, richly wrought and incrusted with gems—of amber and onyx, of ebony and ivory, and other rare and costly materials. It is graven on the eucharistic vessels, embroidered on altar-cloths and priestly vestments, and cut in relief on tombs and ecclesiastical structures. Popes, bishops, priests, and abbesses wear it upon their breasts. It may here be remarked, *en passant*, that any person of good taste, or having a proper sense of the fitness of things, would avoid wearing, for display merely, ornaments in the form of a Latin cross—that on which our Lord suffered. There are the Maltese cross and others used in heraldry, which are more suitable for such a purpose.

The most common forms of the cross are the *crux immissa*, or Latin cross, having one of its arms longer than the other three; the Greek cross, which has the arms all of equal length; the *crux decussata*, saltire, or St. Andrew's cross, so named because legend affirms that that saint suffered upon such a one; and the *crux ansata*, or St. Anthony's cross. This is also the sacred Tau of the Egyptians. Then there is the Constantine cross—which consists of the Greek letters *X* and *P*, answering to our *Ch* and *R*, and thus forming the initial letters of the word *Christos*—the Maltese cross, and many others used in heraldry, such as cramponée, pattée, fourchée, etc. In religious processions a triple cross is carried before the pope, a double one before a patriarch or cardinal, and a single one before a bishop.

In the Roman Catholic and Greek churches scarcely any sacrament is held valid unless accompanied by the sign of the cross. The devout worshiper makes the sign of the cross upon entering or leaving the church, and it is believed that it is efficacious in repelling the assaults of the Evil One and warding off pestilence and dangers. The Russian peasant, in the midst of his noisy carousing and reveling, makes the sign of the cross over his drinking-cup, just as did King Olaf, whom Longfellow tells about:

> “O'er his drinking-horn the sign
> He made of the cross divine.”

Churches and cathedrals are frequently built in the cruciform shape; and in many countries it is very common to see large crosses erected in places of public concourse for purposes of worship or to commemorate some event. The famous Charing (*chère reine*) Cross derives its name from its being one of the places where King Edward set up a cross to mark where the body of his queen, Eleanor, rested during the progress of the funeral cortége to Westminster.

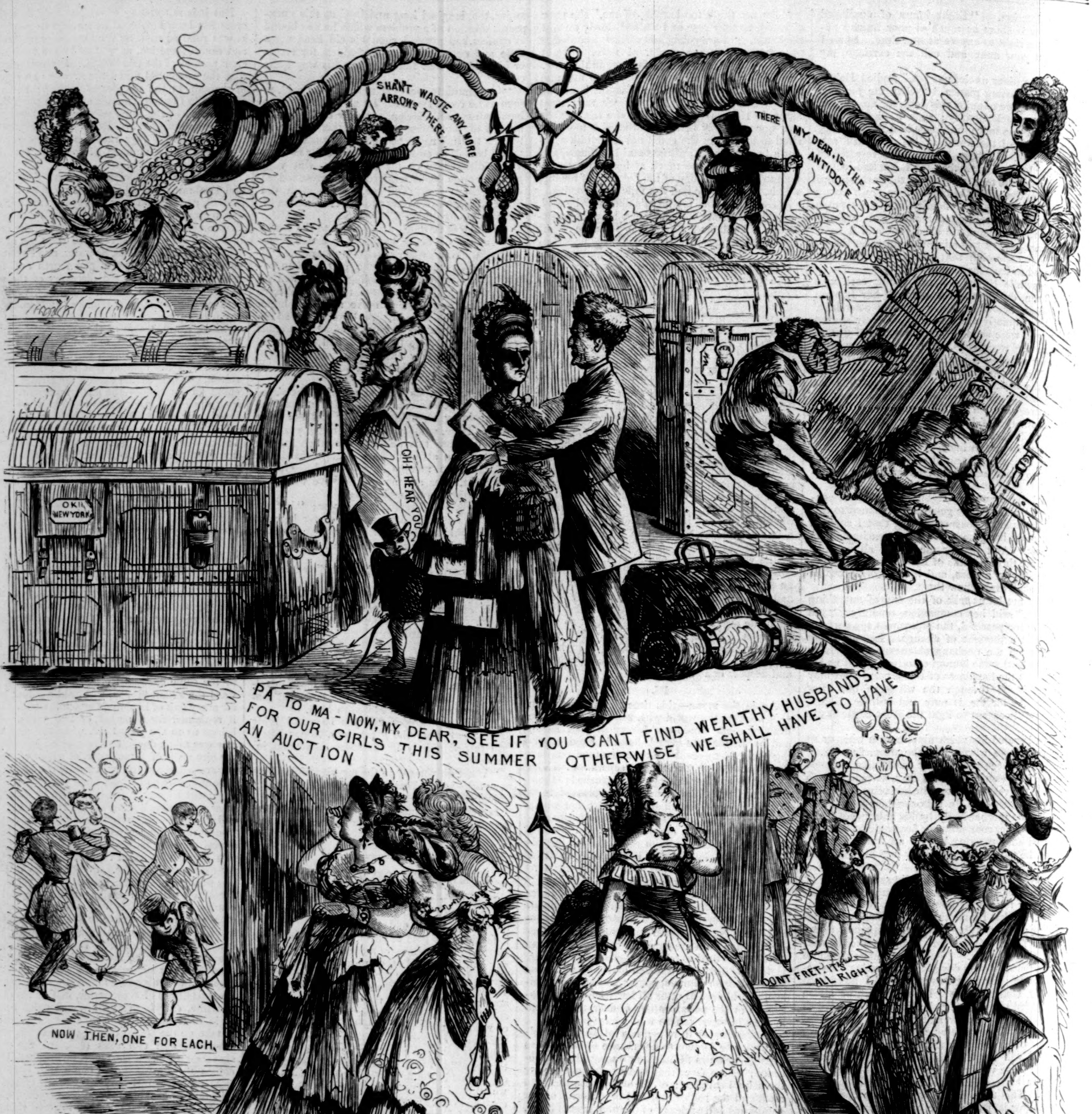
But it is not among Christians only that the cross has been employed as a religious symbol. It was used as such by the aborigines of North and South America, as well as by the most ancient nations of the Old World. Prescott relates that the Spaniards found the cross as an object of worship in the temples of Mexico; and researches in Central America and Peru prove that it was used in the same way by the inhabitants of those countries. Mr. Brinton, in “Myths of the New World,” says that the Indians regard the cross as an emblem of the four cardinal points of the compass.

The ancient Phœnicians, Persians, Assyrians, and Brahmins looked upon the cross as a holy symbol, as is abundantly testified by the numerous hieroglyphics and the pictorial representations on their monumental remains. The cross is figured on Egyptian coins of the time of the Ptolemies; and Rufinus, Socrates, and Sozomen, ecclesiastical historians of the fourth and fifth centuries, all refer to the discovery of the sign of the cross in the temple of Serapis, where it was guarded by the Egyptians as emblematic of the future life.

Then, again, traces of the cross are found in ancient Gallic remains, and in relics of the lacustrine cities in Northern Italy. Mr. Baring-Gould is of the opinion that the shamrock, or trefoil, was held sacred among the Druids on account of its shape—the stalk representing the long arm of the cross, and the three-lobed leaves the shorter arms. It was precisely this very idea which made the early Christians seize upon it as the emblem of their faith. That which hitherto had been the symbol of humiliation and shame now became their glory. The instrument of Christ's passion by his death upon it became hallowed for all time.

THE BONES OF KING ALFRED.

According to Asser, the learned biographer and historian, Alfred the Great breathed his last on the 28th October, 900, at Wilton, and was buried in the Saxon nunnery in that town, upon the site of his own palace, in that year. Here he lay two years, and was then removed to Winchester Cathedral. He lay there but one year; then, in the year 903, Archbishop Plegrind took up his body once more, and, laying it in a royal porphyry monument, bore it to the new minster in the same cathedral close, built by King Edward the Elder, his son, who paid a golden mark for every foot of land upon which it stood. Here it remained for a period of 209 years. This brings us to the year 1112, when the new minster was taken down, and re-erected just outside the city walls of Winchester, at a spot of ground then called Hyde Abbey, because the Beauclerk gave the monks, of whom there were twenty-four appointed to sing, “a whole hyde of land in a pleasant meadow surrounded by rows of willows, and also by four clear running streams of water.” The Norman king gave them ample revenues and liberal charters for their good government, and rich grants of land in the county of Hants, for their own maintenance. So the Abbey of Hyde was finished in the short space of two years, and decorated with increased magnificence and becoming splendor. It had a splendid jeweled cross which Canute gave to the new minster, to be placed before the high altar, valued by Dugdale at no less than £4864 13*s.* 4*d.* In order to show his respect for the monastery in which the good Saxon king was to be last buried, King Henry I., with his queen and courtiers, assisted by Bishop Gifford of Winchester, and all his clergy, in white, carrying crucifixes and palm branches in their hands, went in a grand procession to take up the bodies of King Alfred, his queen, Alswitha, and two sons (Edward the Elder, also their youngest son), and laying them in new coffins of lead, wood, and stone, they bore them from the cathedral close—the walls of the new minster being all leveled now—to Hyde meadow, where, in the year 1112, they lowered them into royal vaults prepared for them in the Abbey choir, before the high altar; and here in this latter Abbey Church they reposed for no less than 686 years in peace. But, in the year 1788, a Mr. Page rifled the tombs of all valuables, leaving these royal skeletons in the bottom of the vault, at a depth of six feet, coffinless and dishonored, selling the lead from the coffins. Mr. Page was superintendent of a new Bridewell, then built on the spot, and since removed. The skeletons themselves were left untouched. Here, just where Mr. Page left them, they were found by Mr. John Mellor in 1866, with part of the royal sceptre, and pieces of ermine from the royal cape. The bones of this good Saxon king are now lying, with those of his pious queen and two sons, in a little brick vault in St. Bartholomew's Chapel Yard, Hyde Street, Winchester, where the late vicar placed them after they were found. Mr. Mellor has since added many circumstantial proofs which seem to leave little doubt as to the reality of the discovery of the very bones of the good and great Saxon king. Whether it is worth while to do further honor to the venerable relics we leave antiquaries to decide. At nearly a thousand years' distance, hardly any feeling except superstition could turn the bones to any profitable use. We are content with the general statement of history that Alfred was buried at Winchester. A proposal has indeed been made to rescue the remains of the great Saxon king from the brick vault where they now lie, and at least to put them into an ornamental sarcophagus, deposited aboveground, say in the Church of St. Bartholomew, which overlooks the once celebrated Abbey where the king was originally buried. Why should this not be undertaken by the University of Oxford, which owes its first prosperity, if not its origin, to Alfred? Is there no public spirit in Brazenose or in University College for such a tribute of loyal honor to King Alfred?

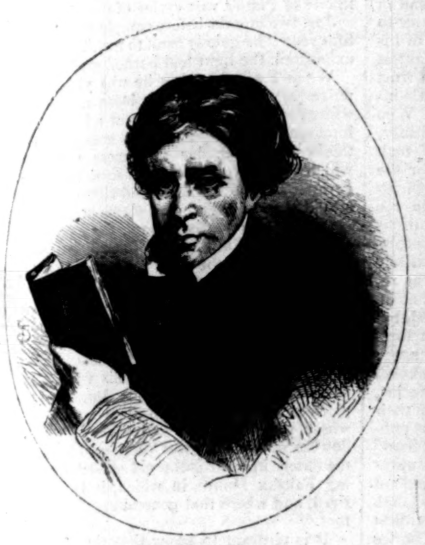

SHAN'T WASTE ANY MORE ARROWS THERE.
THERE MY DEAR, IS THE ANTIDOTE
O.K.! NEW YORK
SARATOGA
OH! HEAR YOU
PA TO MA - NOW, MY DEAR, SEE IF YOU CANT FIND WEALTHY HUSBANDS FOR OUR GIRLS THIS SUMMER OTHERWISE WE SHALL HAVE TO HAVE AN AUCTION
NOW THEN, ONE FOR EACH,
DONT FRET, IT'S ALL RIGHT
AT SARATOGA.
DONT BE IN A HURRY, GIRLS, LET ME FIRST SEE IF THERE ARE ANY OBJECTIONABLE PERSONS HERE.
HOW DARE YOU DISOBEY ME AND FLIRT WITH THUSE ARMY OFFICERS AND CLERKS?
I SHALL GO TO PROTEST
BEGGAR! BEGGAR! BEGGAR!
THERE! MY WORK IS DONE, I SHALL GO DINE ON TURTLE-DOVES.
ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE CPT. GUN, YOUR SON-IN-LAW.
(PA: ARRIVES TOO LATE)
Thos Worth

CUPID TRIUMPHANT.

MEMORIES OF DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.

LEIGH HUNT.

By S. C. Hall.



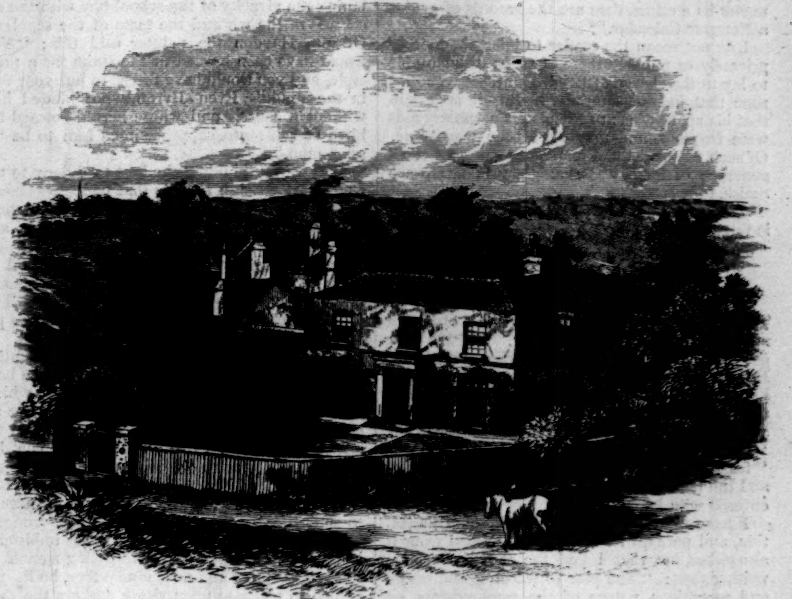
LEIGH HUNT.

LEIGH HUNT was the son of a clergyman of the Church of England, and was born at Southgate, in Middlesex, October 19, 1784. Like Coleridge and Lamb, he was educated at Christ's Hospital, and chiefly under the same grammar-master; and, like Lamb, he was prevented from going to the University (which, on the Christ's Hospital foundation, is understood to imply going into the Church) by an impediment in his speech, which, however, he had the better luck to outgrow. At school, as afterward, he was remarkable for exuberance of animal spirits, and for passionate attachment to his friends, but did not evince any great regard for his studies, except when the exercises were in verse. His prose themes were so bad that the master used to crumple them up in his hand, and throw them to the boys for their amusement. Animal spirits, a power of receiving delight from the commonest every-day objects, as well as remote ones, and a sort of luxurious natural piety, if I may so speak, are the prevailing influences of Mr. Hunt's writings. His friend Hazlitt used to say of him, in allusion to his spirits, and to his family stock (which is from the West Indies), that he had "tropical blood in his veins."

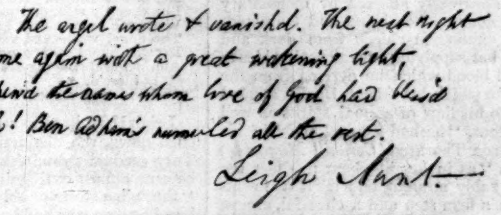
"He has been an ardent politician in his time, and has suffered in almost every possible way for opinions which, whether right or wrong, he has lived to see, in a great measure, triumph. Time and suffering, without altering them, we understand, have blunted his exertions as a partisan, by showing him the excuses common and necessary to all men, but the zeal which he has lost as a partisan he no less evinces for the advancement of mankind."

These passages are contained in a letter addressed to me by Leigh Hunt in 1838, and were notes for a biography I wrote of him in the "Book of Gems." His ancestors, who originally "hailed" from Devonshire, were, on the father's side, Tories and Cavaliers who fled from the tyranny of Cromwell, and settled in Barbadoes. His grandmother was "an O'Brien, and very proud of her descent from Irish kings." At the outbreak of the American Revolution, his father, for the zeal he displayed in his speeches and writings on the Royalist side, became obnoxious to the popular party. He was dragged out of his house, and after having narrowly escaped being tarred and feathered, was carried to prison, but was enabled to escape by a heavy bribe to one of the sentinels who guarded him, and getting on board a ship in the Delaware, made his way to Barbadoes, and thence to England. By his loyalty a very considerable landed estate was lost to his family. He ultimately, however, became a Republican and a "Universalist, a sect that believed all mankind, and even the demons, would be eventually saved." After some time practicing as a lawyer in Philadelphia, he "emigrated" to England, and entered the Church, having wedded a lady of Pennsylvania against the consent of her father, "a stern merchant." "She had Quaker breeding," and although of a proverbially "fierce race"—the Shewells—she was meek, kindly, and Christian; and from her, no doubt, the poet derived much of the gentle urbanity and generous sympathy that were essential features in his character. To her, also, he traces a "constitutional timidity" that "often perplexed him through life;" it is not so much seen in his books as it was in his conversation and conduct. This characteristic was noticed by many, who wondered that so "mild" a person should have embarked on the stormy sea of politics, and have become a fierce partisan of the pen.

His father, not long after he made his home in England, took orders, and became tutor to the nephew of the Duke of Chandos, whose name was Leigh, after whom he called his latest-born,[*] who was nine years younger than the youngest of his brothers, of whom there were several. His father had the spiritual cure of Southgate; and there, Leigh Hunt writes, "I first saw the light." Southgate was then "lying out of the way of innovation," with a pure sweet air of antiquity about it, on the border of Enfield Chase, and in the parish of Edmonton. The house is yet standing, and I have engraved it. The neighborhood retains much of its peculiar character; it has still "an air of antiquity;" of old houses and ancient trees many yet remain; the forest is, indeed, gone, but modern "improvements" have but little spoiled the locality.



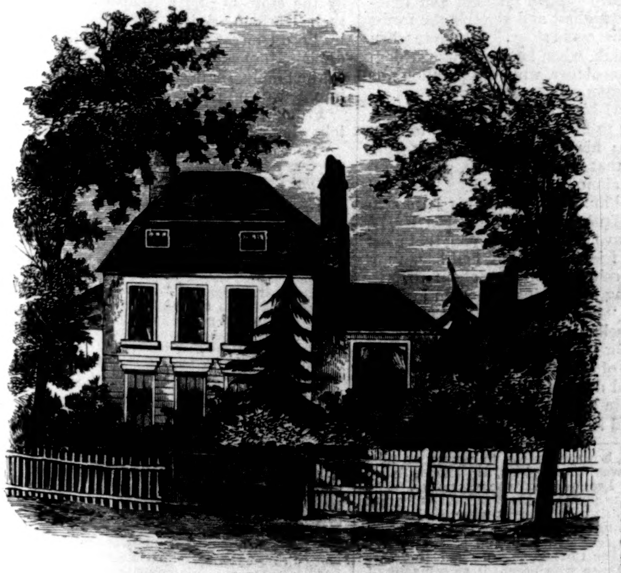
LEIGH HUNT'S COTTAGE AT HAMPSTEAD.



The angel wrote & vanish'd. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And shew'd the names whom love of God had bless'd
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.
Leigh Hunt—

FAC-SIMILE OF LEIGH HUNT'S HANDWRITING.

In 1792 he entered Christ's Hospital. For eight years he toiled there, bare-headed all that time, save now and then when "he covered a few inches of pericranium with a cap no bigger than a crumpet." Here, however, he obtained a scholarship, under the iron rule of the hard taskmaster of whom something has been said in the Memory of Coleridge. No doubt much of the after-tone of his mind was derived from his long residence in the heart of a great city, and to it may be traced not only his love of streets, but his love of flowers—his luxuries at every period of his life. He was grateful to the Hospital for having "bred him up in old cloisters," for the friendships he formed there, and for the "introductions it gave him to Homer and to Ovid." In 1802 his father published a volume of his verses under the title of "Juvenilia," of which the poet in his maturity grew ashamed. For some time he was "in the law-office of his brother Stephen." Gradually he drew in, and gave out, knowledge. He next obtained a clerkship in the War-Office, which he relinquished when he became a political writer—first in a weekly paper called *The News*, and afterward in the *Examiner*. He was, by profession, a Man of Letters, working with his pen for his daily bread, and "becoming all at once a critic of authors, actors, and artists." In 1808 the two brothers, John and Leigh, "set up" "the *Examiner*, the main objects of which were" (as Legh states in his Autobiography) "to assist in producing Reform in Parliament, liberality of opinion in general (especially freedom from superstition), and a fusion of literary taste into all subjects whatsoever."



THE BIRTH-PLACE OF LEIGH HUNT.

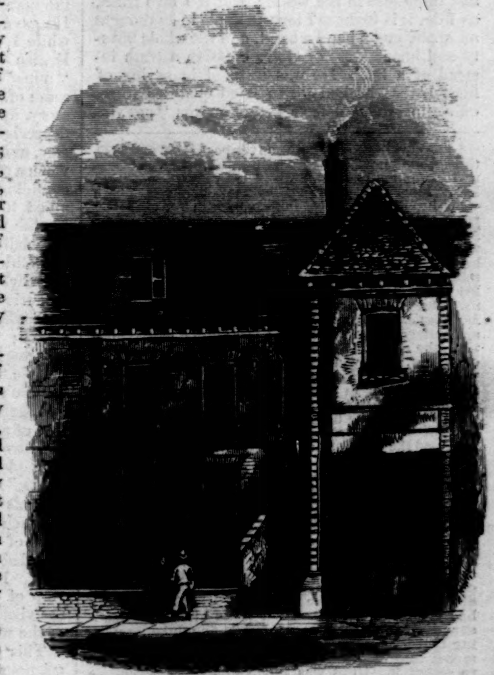
They soon made it popular, but had to pay a penalty for the freedom of speech that was then, even in its mildest tones, a crime in England. They were tried and sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and a fine of £1000,[*] for a libel on the Prince of Wales, and they remained in different prisons until the 3d of February, 1815, John at Coldbath Fields, and Leigh in Surrey Jail, where, however, he was allowed to have his wife (he had married in 1809) and his children with him, and in various other ways his incarceration was made comparatively light; for here he had many admiring and sympathizing visitors, among them Byron, Moore, Maria Edgeworth, Haydon, and Wilkie.

It has been too generally thought that in the case of this libel the punishment greatly exceeded the offense. Making due allowance for the difference between "now and then," it would not seem so; for perhaps no libel more bitter was ever printed. If the Prince had been a grazier, he would have obtained the protection he claimed from a jury of his countrymen; and if the author had written of the grazier in terms such as he wrote of the Prince, he must have accepted the issue. Here is the marrow of it: there can be no harm in reprinting, to condemn it, half a century and more since it was written. Hunt was commenting upon an article of gross adulation of the Prince in the *Morning Post:* "Who would have imagined that this 'Adonis in loveliness' was a corpulent gentleman of fifty; in short, that this delightful, blissful, wise, pleasurable, honorable, virtuous, true, and immortal prince was a violator of his word, a libertine over head and ears in debt and disgrace, a despiser of domestic ties, the companion of gamblers and demireps, a man who has just closed half a century without one single claim on the gratitude of his country or the respect of posterity?"

The visit of Leigh Hunt to Lord Byron, and its result in the publication of *The Liberal—Verse and Prose from the South*—forms part of the literary history of the epoch. In May, 1822, at Byron's request, Hunt left England for Leghorn, where, in July, he found his attached friend Shelley, a very few days before the terrible death of that greatly-gifted man of genius. The sad event changed the after-destiny of Leigh Hunt. Byron seems to have liked him but little; their elements could no more have mingled than fire and oil. Their intercourse did not last long. One of the consequences much impaired the reputation of Leigh Hunt. The volume "Byron and his Contemporaries" was a serious error. Leigh Hunt could no more comprehend Byron than Byron could understand and appreciate Leigh Hunt.

On his return from the "sunny South," Hunt went to live at Highgate. The sylvan scenery of the London suburb refreshed him; he luxuriated in the natural wealth of the open heath, the adjacent meadows, and the neighboring woods. The walk across the fields from Highgate to Hampstead, with ponds on one side and Caen Wood on the other, used to be "one of the prettiest in England;" and he says of the fairest scenes in Italy, "I would quit them all for a walk over the fields from Hampstead." He had, indeed, long loved the locality. Before he left England he had dwelt in a pretty cottage at Hampstead; it is still standing, and but little altered. The accompanying engraving will show that it remains—fit dwelling for a poet: as, indeed, it still is, for a poet now inhabits the place, which is hallowed to him by a memory of his predecessor. Shelley went often to visit Leigh Hunt there, delighting in the natural broken ground, and in the fresh air of the place, which "used to give him an intoxication of animal spirits." Here he swam his paper boats in the pond, and played with children; and to that house Shelley brought, at midnight, a poor woman, a forlorn sister, whom he had found in a fit on the heath, and whom he thus saved from death.

Leigh Hunt, when I knew most of him, was living at Edwardes Square, Kensington, in a small house, on restricted means. All his life-long his income was limited; it is, indeed, notorious that he was put to many "shifts" to keep the wolf from the door. "His whole life," says his son, "was one of pecuniary difficulty." No doubt he had that lack of prudence which is so often one of the heavy drawbacks of genius—one of the penalties that Nature exacts as a set-off against the largest and holiest of her gifts. It may not, and perhaps ought not, to be admitted as an excuse in bar of judgment; the world is not bound to make allowances for those struggles of the mind, heart, and soul with poverty, which not unfrequently seem to have discreditable issues, and usually bear Dead-Sea fruit. There have been many men of genius who would suffer the extreme of penury rather than borrow—such, for example, as I have elsewhere shown, was Thomas Moore, to whom the purses of wealthy and high-born friends were as sacred as the crown-jewels; but men of letters are for the most part less scrupulous. To some it seems venial, to others little less than a practical illus-



THE HOUSE IN WHICH LEIGH HUNT DIED.

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[*] His names were James Henry Leigh Hunt; so they stand in the baptismal registry, although he is known only as Leigh Hunt.

[*] Some influential friends offered to raise a subscription to pay the fine; but that was declined by the brothers. To this and the heavy expenses incurred in subsequent government prosecutions (some of which failed, however, in obtaining verdicts against them) may be attributed the pecuniary difficulties which John and Leigh Hunt labored under during the whole of their lives.

tration of the text, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and a belief that God makes almoners of those He enriches with overabundance. Such ideas, however, are opposed to the views of society. Undoubtedly they lower the intellectual standard and debase the mind. Self-respect can rarely exist without independence; yet, to quote the words of a kindred spirit—unhappy Will Kennedy—"if pecuniary embarrassments be a crime, then are the records of genius a Newgate Calendar."*

I do not mean the reader to infer that either privately or publicly there is aught dishonorable to lay to the charge of Leigh Hunt. "Who art thou that judgest another?" But it is certain that his applications to friends for pecuniary aids were frequent, and may have been wearisome. Of such friends he had many. Among the most generous of them was that good man, Horace Smith.†

Surely the lines of Cowley apply with emphatic force to Hunt:

"Business—the frivolous pretense
Of human lusts to cast off innocence!
Business—the thing that I of all things hate!
Business—the contradiction of my fate!"

The truth is that, like many men of his order, he never knew the value of money. He was very generous, and certainly thoughtless, in giving. No reckless extravagance is laid to his charge; his habits were the very opposite to those of a spendthrift; he was utterly indifferent to what are called "the luxuries of life." Simple in his "ways," temperate almost to the extreme, his "feasts" were with the poets, his predecessors, and the table was always well furnished that was covered with books.‡

I have treated this subject with some hesitation, and perhaps should have abstained from it altogether, but that I find the son of the poet writing thus: "The plan of working, the varied and precarious nature of the employments, an inborn dullness of sense as to the lapse of time, conspired to produce a life in which the receipt of handsome earnings alternated with long periods that yielded no income at all. In these intervals credit went a long way, but not far enough. There were gaps of total destitution in which every available source had been absolutely exhausted." "At this juncture," he continues, "appeals were made for assistance, sometimes with and sometimes without the knowledge of Leigh Hunt, and they were largely successful."§

In 1844, Sir Percy Shelley, the son of the poet, succeeded to the title and estates of his grandfather, and one of his earliest acts (under the suggestion of his mother, Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley) was to settle on Leigh Hunt and on his wife, in the event of her surviving him, an annuity of £120; and in 1847 he was placed on the Pension list, and received, "in consideration of his distinguished literary talents," a pension of £200 a year. Lord John Russell, in conveying this boon to him, adds, "The severe treatment you received, in times of unjust persecution of liberal writers, enhances the satisfaction with which I make this announcement." Thus in his old age the comforter came to his home, and the "pecuniary difficulties" that had haunted his whole life were no longer felt—should not have been so, perhaps I ought to say, for I believe pecuniary difficulties were never "entirely removed" from him until he was in his shroud.

That there were fine points in the character of Leigh Hunt all who knew him admitted: foremost among them was his love of truth. In one of his letters to me he writes: "I would rather be considered a hearty loving nature than any thing else in the world; and if I love truth, as I do, it is because I love an apple to be thought an apple, and a hand a hand, and the whole beauty and hopefulness of God's creation a truth instead of a lie." He was justified in saying of himself that he had "two good qualities to set off against many defects"—that he was "not vindictive, and spoke the truth;" although it may have been with him, as he said it was with his friend Hazlitt, "however genuine was his love of truth, his passions may have sometimes led him to mistake it."

Charles Lamb, who dearly loved him, describes his "mild dogmatism" and his "boyish sportiveness;" and Hazlitt writes of him thus: "In conversation he is all life and animation, combining the vivacity of the school-boy with the resources of the wit and the taste of the scholar." Of him Haydon the painter said this: "You would have been burned at the stake for a principle, and you would have feared to put your foot in the mud." Even Byron, who "hated him without a cause," and whose hatred seemed the birth of self-reproach, proclaimed him to be "a good man."

But, to my thinking, the best testimony to the character of Leigh Hunt is that which was borne to it by Lord Lytton, an author who has perhaps had more power to circulate bitter things, and shoot poisoned arrows at his brethren of the pen, than most men, yet who, I believe, has said of them more generous and "helping" things and fewer bitter things than any man living. This character occurs in a review of Leigh Hunt's poetry in the *New Monthly Magazine*, 1833. It is anonymous, but I can do no wrong in stating that Lord Lytton was the writer: "None have excelled him in the kindly sympathies with which, in writing of others, he has softened down the asperities and resisted the caprices common to the exercise of power. In him the young poet has ever found a generous encourager, no less than a faithful guide. None of the jealousy or the rancor ascribed to literary men, and almost natural to such literary men as the world has wronged, has gained access to his true heart, or imbittered his generous sympathies. Struggling against no light misfortunes and no common foes, he has not helped to retaliate upon rising authors the difficulty and the appreciation which had burdened his own career. He has kept undimmed and unbroken, through all reverses, that first requisite of a good critic—a good heart."

I knew but little of Leigh Hunt when he was in his prime. I had met him, however, more than once, soon after his return from Italy, when he recommenced a career of letters which he had been induced to abandon, trusting to visionary hopes in the aid he was to derive from familiar intercourse with Byron. He was tall, but slightly formed, quiet and contemplative in gait and manner, yet apparently affected by momentary impulse; his countenance brisk and animated, receiving its expression chiefly from dark and brilliant eyes, but supplying unequivocal evidence of that mixed blood which he derived from the parent stock, to which his friend Hazlitt alluded in reference to his flow of animal spirits as well as to his descent, "he had tropical blood in his veins." His son Thornton (*Cornhill Magazine*) describes him "as in height about five feet ten inches, remarkably straight and upright in his carriage, with a firm step and a cheerful, almost dashing approach." He had straight black hair, which he wore parted in the centre; a dark, but not pale complexion; black eyebrows, firmly marking the edge of a brow over which was a singularly upright, flat, white forehead, and under which beamed a pair of eyes, dark, brilliant, reflecting, gay, and kind, with a certain look of observant humor. "He had a head larger than most men's; Byron, Shelley, and Keats wore hats which he could not put on."

In 1838 I saw him often, and saw enough of him to have earnest respect and sincere regard for the man whom I had long admired as the poet. He gave me many valuable hints for my guidance while I was compiling "The Book of Gems of British Poets and British Artists." All his "notes" concerning his contemporaries (I have some of them still) were genial, cordial, and laudatory, affording no evidence of envy, no taint of depreciation. His mind was, indeed, like his poetry, a sort of buoyant outbreak of joyousness, and when a tone of sadness pervades it, it is so gentle, confiding, and hoping as to be far more nearly allied to resignation than to repining, although his life was subjected to many heavy trials; and especially had he to complain of the ingratitude of political "friends"—for whom he had fought heartily—when victory was only for the strong, and triumph for the swift. Perhaps there is no poet who so entirely pictures himself in all he writes; yet it is a pure and natural egotism, and contrasts happily with the gloomy and misanthropic moods which some have labored first to acquire and then to portray. "Quick in perception, generous of impulse, he saw little evil destitute of good."

In conversation Leigh Hunt was always more than pleasing; he was "ever a special lover of books," as well as a devout worshiper of Nature; and his "talk" mingled, often very sweetly, the simplicity of a child with the acquirements of a man of the world—somewhat as we find them mingled in his "Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla." It did, indeed, according to the laudatory view of one of his poetic school, often "combine the vivacity of the school-boy with the resources of the wit and the taste of the scholar."

This generosity of thought and heart is conspicuous in all his writings. His Autobiography is full of liberal and generous sentiments—rarely any other—evidence of the charity that "suffereth long and is kind, vaunteth not itself, is not easily puffed up, thinketh no evil." He who might have said so many bitter things, utters scarcely one; he who might have galled his enemies to the quick, does not stab even in thought.

He wrote much prose and many poems, and although marred, perhaps, by frequent affectations, his poetry is of the true metal; tender, graceful, and affectionate, loving nature in all its exterior graces, but more especially in man. It is, and ever will be, popular among those whose warmer and dearer sympathies are with humanity.

Charles Lamb, in his memorable defense of Hunt against an alleged insinuation of Southey that Hunt had no religion, thus writes of him: "He is one of the most cordial-minded men I ever knew—a matchless fireside companion." Southey regretted, and justly, that Leigh Hunt had "no religion." He had, indeed, a kind of scholastic theology, that he considered might stand in the stead of it; he himself calls it, in a letter to me, "a sort of natural piety," but in none of his letters—nor in his Diary—is there the slightest allusion to its consolations, no evidence of trust in a superintending Providence, and but little intimation of belief or hope in the Hereafter. Who will not lament this as he reads his writings, knowing how closely combined is love of man with love of God; how much stronger for the general good is Virtue when it is based on Christianity? His religion (which he styles, in the letter to me I have quoted, "a sort of luxurious natural piety") was cheerful, hopeful, sympathizing, universal in its benevolence, and entirely comprehensive in charity, but it was not the religion of the Christian; it was not even that of the Unitarian. He recognized Christ, indeed, but classes him only among those—not even foremost of *them*—who were lights in dark ages; "great lights," as he styles them, "of rational piety and benignant intercourse"—Confucius, Socrates, Epictetus, Antoninus. Jesus was their "martyred brother," nothing more. His published book entitled "The Religion of the Heart" (1853) is but little known; I hope it will never be reprinted. Had Southey read it, he would not have been content with the mild rebuke to Leigh Hunt which excited the ire of one of the gentlest and most loving of the friends of both, Charles Lamb, who, in his memorable letter to the Laureate—a letter indignant, irrational, and unjust—bitterly condemned the one for a very mild castigation of the other.* His theory of religion may, perhaps, be indicated by the following Lines, which were certainly among his own favorites. I copy them from Mrs. Hall's Album, in which he wrote them:

"Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head,
And with a look, made of all sweet accord,
Answer'd, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'
The angel wrote and vanish'd. The next night
It came again with a great, wakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

Leigh Hunt lived to see political asperities softened down, the distinctions between Whig and Tory gradually diminished, and party bitterness become almost extinguished. He lived, indeed, "through a storm of obloquy, to be esteemed and loved by men who had been his most vigorous antagonists."† No doubt, as a politician, he "flourished" some years too soon; he was a reformer much too early. Both of his successors as editors of the *Examiner*, Albany Fonblanque and John Forster, were rewarded in the way that Liberal governments—more wise in their generation than Tory governments—reward their partisans of the Press. But Leigh Hunt "guided the pen" at a period when little was to be gained by it except annoyance and persecution—at least in advocating "the old cause." "Hazlitt used to say that, after Leigh Hunt and himself and their like had done the rough work of the battle for Liberal opinions, the gentlemen of the Whig party 'put on their kid gloves' to finish the business and carry off the honors."

Leigh Hunt was "a journalist" (I again quote from the *Examiner*) "when courage and independence were the highest and perhaps the rarest qualities a journalist could show." He wrote when party spirit ran high, when language was seldom measured by responsibility, when vituperation was a weapon in common use.

In the year 1857 his wife had died. His sons, such as were left to him, had gone forth to fight the battle of life; his mind and his heart were "shaken." In that year he writes, sadly foreboding—"I am alone in the world." Troubled fancies haunted him. In one of his letters to his attached and faithful friend, John Forster, he murmurs: "I have been long fancying that most people, some old friends included, had begun not to care what I said or thought about them—whether any thing or nothing;" and in another letter he writes, "Strange to say, it was *joy* at finding the bookseller offer me more money than I had expected for some copyrights that was the immediate cause of my illness." He met old age with homage, and death with fortitude. Almost the last sentence in his autobiography is this: "I now seemed—and it has become a consolation to me—to belong as much to the next world as to this;......the approach of my night-time is even yet adorned with a break in the clouds and a parting smile of the sunset."

Alas! he refers not to the hope of the Christian, but to a far dimmer, less rational, and infinitely less consoling faith—"May we all meet in one of Plato's vast cycles of re-existence."

Just two months before completing his seventy-fifth year "he quietly sank to rest." The oil was exhausted, the light had burned gradually down.

When I saw him last he was yielding to the universal conqueror. His loose and straggling white hair thinly scattered over a brow of manly intelligence; his eyes dimmed somewhat, but retaining that peculiar gentleness yet brilliancy which in his youth were likened to those of a gazelle; his earnest heart and vigorous mind outspeaking yet, in sentences eloquent and impressive; his form partially bent, but energetic and self-dependent, although by fits and starts—Leigh Hunt gave me the idea of a sturdy ruin that "wears the mossy vest of time," but which, in assuming the graces that belong of right to age, was not oblivious of the power and worth and triumph enjoyed in manhood and in youth.*

He died at the house of one of the oldest, closest, and most valued of his friends, Mr. C. W. Reynell, in High Street, Putney. I have pictured the dwelling. It had a good garden, where the poet loved to ramble to admire the flowers, of which he was "a special lover." Immediately in front is the old gabled, quaint-looking Fairfax House, in which, it is said, Ireton lived, and where that general and Lambert often met.

It is pleasant to know that the death-bed of the aged man was surrounded by loving friends, and that all which care and skill could do to preserve his life was done.

There was no trouble, nothing of gloom, about him at the last; the full volume of his life was closed; his work on earth was done. Will it seem "far-fetched" if we describe him, away from earth, continuing to labor, under the influence of that Redeemer I am sure he has now learned to love, realizing the picture for which, in the Book I have referred to, he drew on his fancy, and finding it fact?

This it is: "Surely there are myriads of beings every where inhabiting their respective spheres, both visible and invisible, all, perhaps, inspired with the same task of trying how far they can extend happiness. Some may have realized their heaven, and are resting. Some may be helping ourselves, just as we help the bee or the wounded bird—spirits, perhaps, of dear friends, who still pity our tears, who rejoice in our smiles, and whisper in our hearts a belief that they are present."

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen both when we wake and when we sleep."

Leigh Hunt was nearly the last of that glorious galaxy of genius which, early in the present century, shone upon the intellectual world; he survived them all, and with a memory of each. Some of them were his friends, and most of them his acquaintances. He had seen star after star decline, but might exclaim, and did exclaim, with one of his eloquent contemporaries,

"Nor sink those stars in empty night:
They hide themselves in Heaven's own light."

When writing a Memory of Leigh Hunt in the *Art-Journal*, I found there was no record to mark his grave in the cemetery at Kensal Green, where he was buried. I appealed, therefore, to his friends and admirers to remove from England such a "reproach." After some delay and some confusion, the circumstances causing and attending which it is now useless and needless to detail, the "reproach" *was* removed: a sum sufficient for the purpose was raised by subscription: a modest but graceful monument was wrought by the eminent and accomplished sculptor, Joseph Durham, A.R.A. It was "inaugurated" by Lord Houghton, on the 19th of October, 1869 (Leigh Hunt's birthday), and formally presented to the family, some of whom were present, on the impressive and interesting occasion.

From the noble lord's address I extract the following passages:

> "He was held up to shame as an enemy of religion, whereas he was a man from whose heart there came a flowing piety spreading itself over all nature and in every channel in which it was possible to run. I remember a passage in one of his writings in which he says he never passed a church, of however unreformed a faith, without an instinctive wish to go in and worship for the good of mankind. And all this obloquy, all this injustice, all this social cruelty, never for one moment soured the disposition or excited a revengeful feeling in the breast of this good man. He had, as it were—I have no other phrase for it—a superstition of good. He did not believe in the existence of evil, and when it pressed against him, in the bitterest form against himself, he shut his eyes to it, and believed it to be good. Now, with this disposition, with this character, with these elements of life, surely we do well in honoring this man to-day. Surely it is something that ten years after his death there should have been men who felt it was not well but that there should be some special memorial of his existence—something which should tell people, more than books they were reading, that there had been in England such a man. In uncovering the monument we shall honor not only that man, but we shall honor the poetic intellect, we shall honor that delightful faculty which gives to mankind its purest form of intellectual contemplation, and which, somehow or other, adapting itself to the different temperaments of mankind, always either extends, or purifies, or expands the life of its possessor.... We know that through all the difficulties of a more than usually hard life he kept to the end a cheerfulness of temper which the most successful might have envied and the wealthiest might have adorned. In his own beautiful words, all we may now think of is—
>
> "'The woe was short, 'twas fugitive; 'tis past;
> The song that sweetens it will always last.'"

The inscription is very simple: on one side are recorded the days of his birth and death, while on another are the words,

"Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

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* I knew intimately, between the years 1826 and 1830, the author I have quoted—William Kennedy. He was undoubtedly a man of genius, but wayward and reckless. I lost sight of him many years before his death—his intellectual death, that is to say; for his latter years were passed in a lunatic asylum, where he died. My introduction to him was singular. I reviewed in the *Eclectic Review*—so far back as 1825—a small book he had published, either in Glasgow or Paisley, and received from him a letter of acknowledgment. It led to my inviting him to London as my guest, and by my influence he obtained a situation as reporter on the *Morning Journal*, a newspaper with which I was myself connected, and of which I was subsequently, for a time, the editor. Kennedy was an Irishman, a native of Belfast. His youth had been "wandering." Previous to his visiting London he was, I understood, a strolling player in Scotland, where he had probably acquired habits that led to the early close of a life which might have been most honorable and prosperous, for his abilities had attracted attention, and he obtained the appointment of Consul (I think) at Venezuela.

† In one of Shelley's letters to Leigh Hunt, in allusion to a sum of money Shelley desired to send to Hunt to defray his journey to Italy, he says: "I suppose that I shall at last make up an impudent face, and ask Horace Smith to add to the many obligations he has conferred on me. I know I need only ask."

‡ His friend Mr. Reynell tells me (and he is a safe and sure authority) that in his later days Mr. Hunt often said to him his great wish was that when he died he should not owe to any one a half-penny. He had borrowed from the good Duke of Devonshire a sum of £200, and *returned it to him*, the duke remarking that it was the only instance, save one, in which money thus lent had been proffered back: he declined to accept it. Hunt was indebted to Mr. Reynell—a debt incurred by Mr. Reynell becoming surety for him in 1832, when the fortunes of the poet were at their lowest ebb. Twenty years afterward he repaid that sum—on receiving the first installment of Shelley's legacy—as he had promised he would do. No doubt other similar cases might be recorded.

§ In a letter he addressed to me when, in 1835, I was writing a brief memoir of him for the "Book of Gems," he says, "You will not hesitate to add what objections you are compelled by impartiality to entertain against me;" and in a subsequent letter he writes, "Had you said that five-sixths of my writings were worth nothing, I should have agreed with you, for I think so, and I would use stronger terms, if there might not be vanity itself in so doing. My only excuse is (and it is, luckily, a good one, so far) that I have been forced to write for bread, and so put forth a good deal of unwilling nothingness."

* I by no means, however, mean to convey an idea that Leigh Hunt was "irreligious," in the ordinary sense of the term. I am quite sure he was not so. The New Testament was a book of his continual study, but it was read in a spirit that brought none of the light it has, happily, brought to other men. If he was a "free-thinker," he rendered profound respect to the Divine Author of the Christian faith, and therefore never sneered at those who accept it as a means of Salvation, and never wrote with any view to sap or to weaken Belief. If we may not class him among the advocates of Christianity, it would be injustice to place him among its opponents. Some one who wrote a touching and very eloquent tribute to his memory in the *Examiner*, soon after his death, says, "He had a child-like sympathy of his own in the Father to whom he is gone, of which those who diverged from his path can only say that, ignorant of the direct line to the eternal sea, he took the sure and pleasant path beside the river."

† A notable instance of this was the altered conduct of Professor Wilson toward his old opponent. He not only wrote a very kindly review of his "Legend of Florence" in *Blackwood*, but lamented the bitter things which had been written in its early numbers, and used to send Leigh Hunt the magazine regularly as long as he lived.

* "Those who knew him best will picture him to themselves clothed in a dressing-gown, and bending his head over a book or over the desk."—THORNTON HUNT.

ROBESPIERRE.

OF every great crime of the French revolution Robespierre was the originator. He first demanded the death of Louis, of Marie Antoinette, and the wholesale murder of the Girondists; he it was who was president of the Committee of Public Salvation, from which appointment his absolute power may be dated; he it was who established *la Terreur*, with its six thousand men and twelve hundred artillery, sworn to execute the revolutionary laws; he it was who instituted the *loi des suspects*, by which any one might be arrested at the will of the Commune; he it was who in three months raised the number of prisoners in the Paris jails from twelve hundred to eight thousand. Apologists say that his signature to death-warrants is the most infrequent of any of the heads of the revolutionary tribunal. But he was the moving power; Couthon, St. Just, and the others, were but instruments. Ignoble tyrant that he was, he howled with rage when he could not blast and foul even the memories of his victims.

Amidst the horrible slaughters of the reign of terror he busied himself to re-establish religion, read a report on the relation between religion, moral ideas, and republican principles, and discoursed eloquently upon the immortality of the soul and the existence and goodness of a God; gave the Feast of the Supreme Being, that solemn mockery which, for the *moment*, excited Paris to enthusiasm, but which proved the first step of his fall. The Convention murmured, "Now we have destroyed our tyrants, this man would set a God over us."

St. Just now openly urged him to proclaim himself dictator. The gloomy looks of the Convention scared him, and he dared not; but the fear stimulated him to further acts of despotism—to more bloodshed. The result was the law of the twenty-second *Prairial*, by which members of the Convention could be tried by the Committee of Public Safety without being brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal. By this means did he hope to free himself of every opponent. Now came the trying of the victims in the terrible *batches*, the bloodiest climax of the reign of terror. But, emboldened by his pusillanimity and lack of vigor, his enemies day by day grew more numerous and more vigorous. Threatening letters were sent him; plots were hatched against his life; two attempts were made to assassinate him; but nothing could rouse courage in him—terror paralyzed him. He absented himself from the Convention; his house was guarded by Jacobins; he never stirred abroad unaccompanied by armed men. In vain the Jacobins spurred him to attack the Convention, with offers of support to the death; he temporized and hesitated and shrank; his own coward heart was his Nemesis. At length he took courage to appear before the Convention and read a long defense—he could never speak effectively without long preparation—in which he elaborately eulogized and defended his own conduct and bitterly attacked his enemies. But his long absence and irresolution had given those enemies a crushing power. Cambon, Billaud, Varennes, and Panis fiercely denounced him. He was defeated.

The Jacobins still stood by him, and that very night a conspiracy was formed. The Convention was to be attacked by armed force, taken prisoners, and Robespierre to be proclaimed dictator. But even in that terrible crisis his coward heart failed him; at the last moment he refused to head the movement—he had not even the courage of a wolf brought to bay. His friends were disgusted, but would not give way; with his will or against his will, they resolved to carry out their programme.

The next day he again appears before the Convention; but ere he can open his lips Billaud swoops down upon him like a tiger, and in a fiery speech reveals to his confrères the Jacobin conspiracy. Fierce and indignant murmurs break from every mouth, swelling each moment, until they rise into a terrible shout of "Down with the tyrant!" Up springs Tallien, crying, in a voice of thunder, "I was present at the Jacobins; I heard the plot for the formation of the army of this second Cromwell, and I armed myself with this dagger, to pierce his heart if you have not the courage to order his arrest!" As he speaks Tallien makes a movement as though he would stab the culprit, who shrinks and cowers before the glittering steel. Louder and louder rise the acclamations; other speakers follow, all in the same strain. In vain does Robespierre implore a hearing; his voice is drowned with "Down with the tyrant!" He springs upon the benches. "The shades of Danton and Camille repel you!" cry a score of voices. He rushes to the president, shrieking, "Will you hear me?" Fists are shaken in his face; he supplicates, grovels, yells with the agony of fear, rushes from one to the other. He is driven back with curses and deafening howls. His voice cracks and fails him; then in his ears ring the terrible words, "*The blood of Danton chokes you!*" He is arrested.

But in the mean time the Jacobins are up and doing. As the gens-d'armes bring forth their prisoner he is torn from them, *against his will*, and carried off to the Hôtel de Ville. Fear has paralyzed him. He will not present himself to the people; he will not proclaim himself dictator; he will not sign a paper calling on the people to revolt; he will not even countenance revolt; he is in a coma of terror. At the news of the rescue the troops of the Commune muster quickly. Drunken Henriot, at the head of his soldiers, dashes through the streets of Paris, shouting to the people to revolt; but they are tired of the worship of their bloody Moloch, and his own men turn their cannon upon the Hôtel de Ville, throw down their arms, and disperse.

It is night. Within a dimly lit apartment of the Hôtel de Ville sit Robespierre and his brethren—St. Just, Couthon, Lébas. The wolves are caged at last. The death-knell of *la Terreur* is ringing. St. Just and Lébas look bold and defiant; Couthon, with his angel face and silvery voice and withered limbs, anxious but resigned; the sickly rays of the candle fall full upon the hideously cadaverous features of Robespierre. He has a loaded pistol and poison before him; but this worshiper of the bloody virtues of Rome can not imitate the old heathen heroism, and die with his fortunes. With shaking limbs and twitching face he listens to the murmurs, the momentarily increasing stir, the surge of the multitude without. The sharp report of a pistol rings through the room—Lébas has shot himself through the heart, and falls dead. Henriot rushes in to cry that all is lost; Coffinhal, with an epithet of disgust, hurls him out of the window into the court below, where he lies a lifeless mass. The soldiers are battering at the door; it gives way with a crash, and in they rush. A shot is fired, and Robespierre's head falls upon the table; it has broken his jaw. All the conspirators are captured. The cold, ghostly light of the dawn is just breaking as the senseless, bloody form of the Incorruptible is borne out into the streets upon a litter. It is carried to the Tuileries and laid upon a table, while the Convention in the next room decide his fate. As the day advances crowds flock to the Tuileries as to a raree-show, and fill the chambers wherein lies the once terrible King of *la Terreur*—terrible no longer, but an abject, shrunken, revolting-looking object. He lies upon his side. From the broken jaw oozes out the dark blood, and creeps over the livid face, dropping into the gaping mouth, and filling it with clotted gore; he has half bandaged the wound, and the blood-stained handkerchief contrasts horribly with the corpse-like features. And the foul mob—to gain whose favor and applause he has shed torrents of blood—does it commiserate with him, weep over him, do all it can to soothe his anguish? It spat upon him, mocked his groans, pricked him with knives; there was not one who would raise the cup of water that stood beside him to his burning, cracking lips!

A form of trial is gone through, and then the wild Couthon and the rest are tied down in a cart and jolted off to *la mère Guillotine*. Paris is frantic with joy. Before the cart dance the women, shouting and singing with demoniac glee. As it passes through the streets the friends and relations of his dead victims troop out to meet it with yells of frantic joy; to curse its ghastly burden, body and soul, and to pray to God to cast him into hell-fire. As he mounts the scaffold the executioner tears off the bandage from his face; the shattered jaw falls, and there leaps from his throat such an unearthly yell, as though the fiends had already their claws upon his soul. He looks down, shuddering, upon the sea of heads; it waves and surges as though it would sweep away the scaffold, and up from its cruel depths rises a howl of execration. Ferocious joy is upon every face; every mouth gapes for his blood. No look of pity; all merciless—*as himself*. He has sown the dragon's teeth, and behold the harvest! The knife falls, and the head of Maximilian Robespierre rolls into the basket.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

BY CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

MARY WELLS by order went down, in a loose morning wrapper her mistress had given her, and dined in the servants' hall. She was welcomed with a sort of shout, half ironical; and the chief butler said, "Glad to see you come back to us, Miss Wells."

"The same to you, Sir," said Mary, with more pertness than logic; "which I'm only come to take leave, for to-morrow I go to London, on business."

"La! what's the business, I wonder?" inquired a house-maid, irreverentially.

"Well, my business is not your business, Jane. However, if you want to know, I'm going to be married."

"And none too soon," whispered the kitchen-maid to a footman.

"Speak up, my dear," said Mary. "There's nothing more vulgarer than whispering in company."

"I said, 'What will Bill Drake say to that?'"

"Bill Drake will say he was a goose not to make up his mind quicker. This will learn him beauty won't wait for no man. If he cries when I am gone, you lend him your apron to wipe his eyes, and tell him women can't abide shilly-shallying men."

"That's a hexcellent sentiment," said John the footman, "and a solemn warning it is—"

"To all such as footman be," said Mary.

"We writes it in the fly-leaf of our Bibles accordingly," said John.

"No, my man, write it somewhere where you'll have a chance to read it."

This caused a laugh; and when it was over, the butler, who did not feel strong enough to chaff a lady of this calibre, inquired obsequiously whether he might venture to ask who was the happy stranger to carry off such a prize.

"A civil question deserves a civil answer, Mr. Wright," said Mary. "It is a sea-faring man, the mate of a ship. He have known me a few years longer than any man in these parts. Whenever he comes home from a voyage he tells me what he has made, and asks me to marry him. I have said 'No' so many times I'm sick and tired; so I have said 'Yes' for once in a way. Changes are lightsome, you know."

Thus airily did Mary Wells communicate her prospects, and next morning early was driven to the station; a cart had gone before with her luggage, which tormented the female servants terribly; for, instead of the droll little servant's box, covered with paper, she had a large lady's box, filled with linen and clothes by the liberality of Lady Bassett, and a covered basket, and an old carpet-bag, with some minor packages of an unintelligible character. Nor did she make any secret that she had money in both pockets; indeed, she flaunted some notes before the groom, and told him none but her lady knew all she had done for Sir Charles. "But," said she, "he is grateful, you see, and so is she."

She went off in the train, as gay as a lark; but she was no sooner out of sight than her face changed its whole expression, and she went up to London very grave and thoughtful.

The traveling carriage was ordered at ten o'clock next day, and packed as for a journey.

Lady Bassett took her housekeeper with her to the asylum.

She had an interview with Sir Charles, and told him what Mr. Bassett had done, and the construction Mary Wells had put on it.

Sir Charles turned pale with rage, and said he could no longer play the patient game. He must bribe a keeper, make his escape, and kill that villain.

Lady Bassett was alarmed, and calmed it down.

"It was only a servant's construction, and she might be wrong; but it frightened me terribly; and I fear it is the beginning of a series of annoyances and encroachments; and I have lost Mr. Angelo; he has gone to Italy. Even Mary Wells left me this morning to be married. I think I know a way to turn all this against Mr. Bassett; but I will not say it, because I want to hear what *you* advise, dearest."

Sir Charles did not leave her long in doubt. He said, "There is but one way; you must leave Huntercombe, and put yourself out of that miscreant's way until our child is born."

"That would not grieve me," said Lady Bassett. "The place is odious to me, now you are not there. But what would censorious people say?"

"What could they say, except that you obeyed your husband?"

"Is it a command, then, dearest?"

"It is a command; and, although you are free, and I am a prisoner—although you are still an ornament to society, and I pass for an outcast, still I expect you to obey me when I assume a husband's authority. I have not taken the command of you quite so much as you used to say I must; but on this occasion I do. You will leave Huntercombe, and avoid that caitiff until our child is born."

"That ends all discussion," said Lady Bassett. "Oh, Charles, my only regret is that it costs me nothing to obey you. But when did it ever? My king!"

He had ordered her to do the very thing she wished to do.

She now gave her housekeeper minute instructions, settled the board-wages of the whole establishment, and sent her home in the carriage, retaining her own boxes and packages at the inn.

Richard Bassett soon found out that Lady Bassett had left Huntercombe. He called on Wheeler and told him. Wheeler suggested she had gone to be near her husband.

"No," said Bassett, "she has joined her lover. I wonder at our simplicity in believing that fellow was gone to Italy."

"This is rich," said Wheeler. "A week ago she was guilty, and a Machiavel in petticoats; for why? she had quarreled with her Angelo, and packed him off to Italy. Now she is guilty; and why? because he is not gone to Italy—not that you know whether he is or not. You reason like a mule. As for me, I believe none of this nonsense—till you find them together."

"And that is just what I mean to do."

"We shall see."

"You will see."

Very soon after this a country gentleman met Wheeler on market-day, and drew him aside to ask him a question. "Do you advise Mr. Richard Bassett still?"

"Yes."

"Did you set him to trespass on Lady Bassett's lawn, and frighten her with a great dog in the present state of her health?"

"Heaven forbid! This is the first I've heard of such a thing."

"I am glad to hear you say that, Tom Wheeler. There, read that. Your client deserves to be flogged out of the county, Sir." And he pulled a printed paper out of his pocket. It was dated from the Royal Hotel, Bath, and had been printed with blanks, as follows; but a lady's hand had filled in the dates.

"*On the day of , while I was walking alone in my garden, Mr. Richard Bassett, the person who has bereaved me by violence of my protector, came, without leave, into my private grounds, and brought a very large dog; it ran to me, and frightened me so that I nearly fainted with alarm. Mr. Bassett was aware of my condition. Next day I consulted my husband, and he ordered me to leave Huntercombe Hall, and put myself beyond the reach of trespassers and outrage.*

"*One motive has governed Mr. Bassett in all his acts, from his anonymous letter to me before my marriage—which I keep for your inspection, together with the proofs that he wrote it—to the barbarous seizure of my husband upon certificates purchased beforehand, and this last act of violence, which has driven me from the county for a time.*

"*Sir Charles and I have often been your hosts and your guests; we now ask you to watch our property and our legal rights, so long as through injustice and cruelty my husband is a prisoner, his wife a fugitive.*"

"There," said the gentleman, "these papers are going all round the county."

Wheeler was most indignant, and said he had never been consulted, and had never advised a trespass. He begged a loan of the paper, and took it to Bassett's that very same afternoon.

"So you have been acting without advice," said he, angrily; "and a fine mess you have made of it." And, though not much given to violent anger, he dashed the paper down on the table, and hurt his hand a little. Anger must be paid for, like other luxuries.

Bassett read it, and was staggered a moment; but he soon recovered himself, and said, "What is the foolish woman talking about?"

He then took a sheet of paper, and said he would soon give her a Roland for an Oliver.

"Ay," said Wheeler, grimly, "let us see how you will put down *the foolish woman*. I'll smoke a cigar in the garden, and recover my temper."

Richard Bassett's retort ran thus:

"*I never wrote an anonymous letter in my life; and if I put restraint upon Sir Charles, it was done to protect the estate. Experienced physicians represented him homicidal and suicidal; and I protected both Lady Bassett and himself by the act she has interpreted so harshly.*

"*As for her last grievance, it is imaginary. My dog is gentle as a lamb. I did not foresee Lady Bassett would be there, nor that the poor dog would run and welcome her. She is playing a comedy: the real truth is, a gentleman had left Huntercombe whose company is necessary to her. She has gone to join him, and thrown the blame very adroitly upon* RICHARD BASSETT."

When he had written this Bassett ordered his dog-cart.

Wheeler came in, read the letter, and said the last suggestion in it was a libel, and an indictable one into the bargain.

"What, if it is true—true to the letter?"

"Even then you would not be safe, unless you could prove it by disinterested witnesses."

"Well, if I can not, I consent to cut this sentence out. Excuse me one minute, I must put a few things in my carpet-bag."

"What! going away?"

"Of course I am."

"Better give me your address, then, in case any thing turns up."

"If you were as sharp as you pass for you would know my address—Royal Hotel, Bath, to be sure."

He left Wheeler staring, and was back in five minutes with his carpet-bag and wraps.

"Wouldn't to-morrow morning do for this wild-goose chase?" inquired Wheeler.

"No," said Richard. "I'm not such a fool. Catch me losing twelve hours. In that twelve hours they would shift their quarters. It is always so when a fool delays. I shall breakfast at the Royal Hotel, Bath."

The dog-cart came to the door as he spoke, and he rattled off to the railway.

He managed to get to the Royal Hotel, Bath, at 7 A.M., took a warm bath instead of bed, and then ordered breakfast; asked to see the visitors' book, and wrote a false name; turned the leaves, and, to his delight, saw Lady Bassett's name.

But he could not find Mr. Angelo's name in the book.

He got hold of Boots, and feed him liberally, then asked him if there was a handsome young parson there—very dark.

Boots could not say there was.

Then Bassett made up his mind that Angelo was at another hotel, or perhaps in lodgings, out of prudence.

"Lady Bassett here still?" said he.

Boots was not very sure; would inquire at the bar. Did inquire, and brought him word Lady Bassett had left for London yesterday morning.

Bassett ground his teeth with vexation.

No train to London for an hour and a half. He took a stroll through the town to fill up the time.

How often, when a man abandons or remits his search for a time, Fate sends in his way the very thing he is after, but has given up hunting just then! As he walked along the north side of a certain street, what should he see but the truly beautiful and remarkable eyes and eyebrows of Mr. Angelo, shining from afar.

That gentleman was standing, in a reverie, on the steps of a small hotel.

Bassett drew back at first, not to be seen. Looking round he saw he was at the door of a respectable house that let apartments. He hurried in, examined the drawing-room floor, took it for a week, paid in advance, and sent to the Royal for his bag.

He installed himself near the window, to await one of two things, and act accordingly. If Angelo left the place he should go by the same train, and so catch the parties together; if the lady doubled back to Bath, or had only pretended to leave it, he should soon know that, by diligent watch and careful following.

He wrote to Wheeler to announce this first step toward success.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

SOME days after this Mr. Rolfe received a line from Lady Bassett, to say she was at the Adelphi Hotel, in John Street. He put some letters into his pocket, and called on her directly.

She received him warmly, and told him, more fully than she had by letter, how she had acted on his advice; then she told him of Richard Bassett's last act, and showed him her retort.

He knitted his brows at first over it; but said he thought her proclamation could do no harm.

"As a rule," said he, "I object to flicking